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CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—VI.*

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the coming year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

From Susy's Biography.

Papa made arrangements to read at Vassar College the 1st of May, and I went with him. We went by way of New York City. Mamma went with us to New York and stayed two days to do some shopping. We started Tuesday, at ½ past two o'clock in the afternoon, and reached New York about ¼ past six. Papa went right up to General Grants from the station and mamma and I went to the Everett House. Aunt Clara came to supper with us up in our room. . . .

We and Aunt Clara were going were going to the theatre right after supper, and we expected papa to take us there and to come home as early as he could. But we got through dinner and he didn't come, and didn't come, and mamma got more perplexed and worried, but at last

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we thought we would have to go without him. So we put on our things and started down stairs but before we'd goten half down we met papa coming up with a great bunch of roses in his hand. He explained that the reason he was so late was that his watch stopped and he didn't notice and kept thinking it an hour earlier than it really was. The roses he carried were some Col. Fred Grant sent to mamma. We went to the theatre and enjoyed "Adonis" [word illegible] acted very much. We reached home about ½ past eleven o'clock and went right to bed. Wednesday morning we got up rather late and had breakfast about ½ past nine o'clock. After breakfast mamma went out shopping and papa and I went to see papa's agent about some business matters. After papa had gotten through talking to Cousin Charlie, [Webster] papa's agent, we went to get a friend of papa's, Major Pond, to go and see a Dog Show with us. Then we went to see the dogs with Major Pond and we had a delightful time seeing so many dogs together; when we got through seeing the dogs papa thought he would go and see General Grant and I went with him—this was April 29, 1885. Papa went up into General Grant's room and he took me with him, I felt greatly honored and delighted when papa took me into General Grant's room and let me see the General and Col. Grant, for General Grant is a man I shall be glad all my life that I have seen. Papa and General Grant had a long talk together and papa has written an account of his talk and visit with General Grant for me to put into this biography.

Susy has inserted in this place that account of mine—as follows:

April 29, 1885.

I called on General Grant and took Susy with me. The General was looking and feeling far better than he had looked or felt for some months. He had ventured to work again on his book that morning—the first time he had done any work for perhaps a month. This morning's work was his first attempt at dictating, and it was a thorough success, to his great delight. He had always said that it would be impossible for him to dictate anything, but I had said that he was noted for clearness of statement, and as a narrative was simply a statement of consecutive facts, he was consequently peculiarly qualified and equipped for dictation. This turned out to be true. For he had dictated two hours that morning to a shorthand writer, had never hesitated for words, had not repeated himself, and the manuscript when finished needed no revision. The two hours' work was an account of Appomattox—and this was such an extremely important feature that his book would necessarily have been severely lame without it. Therefore I had taken a shorthand writer there before, to see if I could not get him to write at least a few lines about Appomattox.* But he was at that time not well enough to undertake it. I was aware that of all the hundred ver-

* I was his publisher. I was putting his "Personal Memoirs" to press at the time.—S. L. C.

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sions of Appomattox, not one was really correct. Therefore I was extremely anxious that he should leave behind him the truth. His throat was not distressing him, and his voice was much better and stronger than usual. He was so delighted to have gotten Appomattox accomplished once more in his life—to have gotten the matter off his mind—that he was as talkative as his old self. He received Susy very pleasantly, and then fell to talking about certain matters which he hoped to be able to dictate next day; and he said in substance that, among other things, he wanted to settle once for all a question that had been bandied about from mouth to mouth and from newspaper to newspaper. That question was, "With whom originated the idea of the march to the sea? Was it Grant's, or was it Sherman's idea?" Whether I, or some one else (being anxious to get the important fact settled) asked him with whom the idea originated, I don't remember. But I remember his answer. I shall always remember his answer. General Grant said:

"Neither of us originated the idea of Sherman's march to the sea. The enemy did it."

He went on to say that the enemy, however, necessarily originated a great many of the plans that the general on the opposite side gets the credit for; at the same time that the enemy is doing that, he is laying open other moves which the opposing general sees and takes advantage of. In this case, Sherman had a plan all thought out, of course. He meant to destroy the two remaining railroads in that part of the country, and that would finish up that region. But General Hood did not play the military part that he was expected to play. On the contrary, General Hood made a dive at Chattanooga. This left the march to the sea open to Sherman, and so after sending part of his army to defend and hold what he had acquired in the Chattanooga region, he was perfectly free to proceed, with the rest of it, through Georgia. He saw the opportunity, and he would not have been fit for his place if he had not seized it.

"He wrote me" (the General is speaking) "what his plan was, and I sent him word to go ahead. My staff were opposed to the movement." (I think the General said they tried to persuade him to stop Sherman. The chief of his staff, the General said, even went so far as to go to Washington without the General's knowledge and get the ear of the authorities, and he succeeded in arousing their fears to such an extent that they telegraphed General Grant to stop Sherman.)

Then General Grant said, "Out of deference to the Government, I telegraphed Sherman and stopped him twenty-four hours; and then considering that that was deference enough to the Government, I telegraphed him to go ahead again."

I have not tried to give the General's language, but only the general idea of what he said. The thing that mainly struck me was his terse remark that the enemy originated the idea of the march to the sea. It struck me because it was so suggestive of the General's epigrammatic fashion—saying a great deal in a single crisp sentence. (This is my account, and signed "Mark Twain.")

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Susy Resumes.

After papa and General Grant had had their talk, we went back to the hotel where mamma was, and papa told mamma all about his interview with General Grant. Mamma and I had a nice quiet afternoon together.

That pair of devoted comrades were always shutting themselves up together when there was opportunity to have what Susy called "a cozy time." From Susy's nursery days to the end of her life, she and her mother were close friends; intimate friends, passionate adorers of each other. Susy's was a beautiful mind, and it made her an interesting comrade. And with the fine mind she had a heart like her mother's. Susy never had an interest or an occupation which she was not glad to put aside for that something which was in all cases more precious to her—a visit with her mother. Susy died at the right time, the fortunate time of life; the happy age—twenty-four years. At twenty-four, such a girl has seen the best of life—life as a happy dream. After that age the risks begin; responsibility comes, and with it the cares, the sorrows, and the inevitable tragedy. For her mother's sake I would have brought her back from the grave if I could, but I would not have done it for my own.

From Susy's Biography.

Then papa went to read in public; there were a great many authors that read, that Thursday afternoon, beside papa; I would have liked to have gone and heard papa read, but papa said he was going to read in Vassar just what he was planning to read in New York, so I stayed at home with mamma.

The next day mamma planned to take the four o'clock car back to Hartford. We rose quite early that morning and went to the Vienna Bakery and took breakfast there. From there we went to a German bookstore and bought some German books for Clara's birthday.

Dear me, the power of association to snatch mouldy dead memories out of their graves and make them walk! That remark about buying foreign books throws a sudden white glare upon the distant past; and I see the long stretch of a New York street with an unearthly vividness, and John Hay walking down it, grave and remorseful. I was walking down it too, that morning, and I overtook Hay and asked him what the trouble was. He turned a lustreless eye upon me and said:

"My case is beyond cure. In the most innocent way in the world I have committed a crime which will never be forgiven

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by the sufferers, for they will never believe—oh, well, no, I was going to say they would never believe that I did the thing innocently. The truth is they will know that I acted innocently, because they are rational people; but what of that? I never can look them in the face again—nor they me, perhaps."

Hay was a young bachelor, and at that time was on the "Tribune" staff. He explained his trouble in these words, substantially:

"When I was passing along here yesterday morning on my way down-town to the office, I stepped into a bookstore where I am acquainted, and asked if they had anything new from the other side. They handed me a French novel, in the usual yellow paper cover, and I carried it away. I didn't even look at the title of it. It was for recreation reading, and I was on my way to my work. I went mooning and dreaming along, and I think I hadn't gone more than fifty yards when I heard my name called. I stopped, and a private carriage drew up at the sidewalk and I shook hands with the inmates—mother and young daughter, excellent people. They were on their way to the steamer to sail for Paris. The mother said,

"'I saw that book in your hand and I judged by the look of it that it was a French novel. Is it?'

"I said it was.

"She said, 'Do let me have it, so that my daughter can practise her French on it on the way over.'

"Of course I handed her the book, and we parted. Ten minutes ago I was passing that bookstore again, and I stepped in and fetched away another copy of that book. Here it is. Read the first page of it. That is enough. You will know what the rest is like. I think it must be the foulest book in the French language—one of the foulest, anyway. I would be ashamed to offer it to a harlot—but, oh dear, I gave it to that sweet young girl without shame. Take my advice; don't give away a book until you have examined it."

From Susy's Biography.

Then mamma and I went to do some shopping and papa went to see General Grant. After we had finnished doing our shopping we went home to the hotel together. When we entered our rooms in the hotel we saw on the table a vase full of exquisett red roses. Mamma who is very fond of flowers exclaimed "Oh I wonder who could have sent

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them." We both looked at the card in the midst of the roses and saw that it was written on in papa's handwriting, it was written in German. 'Liebes Geshchenk on die mamma.' [I am sure I didn't say "on"—that is Susy's spelling, not mine; also I am sure I didn't spell Geschenk so liberally as all that.—S. L. C.] Mamma was delighted. Papa came home and gave mamma her ticket; and after visiting a while with her went to see Major Pond and mamma and I sat down to our lunch. After lunch most of our time was taken up with packing, and at about three o'clock we went to escort mamma to the train. We got on board the train with her and stayed with her about five minutes and then we said good-bye to her and the train started for Hartford. It was the first time I had ever beene away from home without mamma in my life, although I was 13 yrs. old. Papa and I drove back to the hotel and got Major Pond and then went to see the Brooklyn Bridge we went across it to Brooklyn on the cars and then walked back across it from Brooklyn to New York. We enjoyed looking at the beautiful scenery and we could see the bridge moove under the intense heat of the sun. We had a perfectly delightful time, but weer pretty tired when we got back to the hotel.

The next morning we rose early, took our breakfast and took an early train to Poughkeepsie. We had a very pleasant journey to Poughkeepsie. The Hudson was magnificent—shrouded with beautiful mist. When we arived at Poughkeepsie it was raining quite hard; which fact greatly dissapointed me because I very much wanted to see the outside of the buildings of Vassar College and as it rained that would be impossible. It was quite a long drive from the station to Vasser College and papa and I had a nice long time to discuss and laugh over German profanity. One of the German phrases papa particularly enjoys is "O heilige maria Mutter Jesus!" Jean has a German nurse, and this was one of her phrases, there was a time when Jean exclaimed "Ach Gott!" to every trifle, but when mamma found it out she was shocked and instantly put a stop to it.

It brings that pretty little German girl vividly before me—a sweet and innocent and plump little creature with peachy cheeks; a clear-souled little maiden and without offence, notwithstanding her profanities, and she was loaded to the eyebrows with them. She was a mere child. She was not fifteen yet. She was just from Germany, and knew no English. She was always scattering her profanities around, and they were such a satisfaction to me that I never dreamed of such a thing as modifying her. For my own sake, I had no disposition to tell on her. Indeed I took pains to keep her from being found out. I told her to confine her religious exercises to the children's quarters, and urged her to remember that Mrs. Clemens was prejudiced against pieties on week-days. To the children, the little maid's

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profanities sounded natural and proper and right, because they had been used to that kind of talk in Germany, and they attached no evil importance to it. It grieves me that I have forgotten those vigorous remarks. I long hoarded them in my memory as a treasure. But I remember one of them still, because I heard it so many times. The trial of that little creature's life was the children's hair. She would tug and strain with her comb, accompanying her work with her misplaced pieties. And when finally she was through with her triple job she always fired up and exploded her thanks toward the sky, where they belonged, in this form: "*Gott sei Dank ich bin fertig mit'm Gott verdammtes Haar!*" (I believe I am not quite brave enough to translate it.)

From Susy's Biography.

We at length reached Vassar College and she looked very finely, her buildings and her grounds being very beautiful. We went to the front doore and range the bell. The young girl who came to the doore wished to know who we wanted to see. Evidently we were not expected. Papa told her who we wanted to see and she showed us to the parlor. We waited, no one came; and waited, no one came, still no one came. It was beginning to seem pretty awkward, "Oh well this is a pretty piece of business," papa exclaimed. At length we heard footsteps coming down the long corridor and Miss C, (the lady who had invited papa) came into the room. She greeted papa very pleasantly and they had a nice little chatt together. Soon the lady principal also entered and she was very pleasant and agreable. She showed us to our rooms and said she would send for us when dinner was ready. We went into our rooms, but we had nothing to do for half an hour exept to watch the rain drops as they fell upon the window panes. At last we were called to dinner, and I went down without papa as he never eats anything in the middle of the day. I sat at the table with the lady principal and enjoyed very much seeing all the young girls trooping into the dining-room. After dinner I went around the College with the young ladies and papa stayed in his room and smoked. When it was supper time papa went down and ate supper with us and we had a very delightful supper. After supper the young ladies went to their rooms to dress for the evening. Papa went to his room and I went with the lady principal. At length the guests began to arive, but papa still remained in his room until called for. Papa read in the chapell. It was the first time I had ever heard him read in my life—that is in public. When he came out on to the stage I remember the people behind me exclaimed "Oh how queer he is! Isn't he funny!" I thought papa was very funny, although I did not think him queer. He read "A Trying Situation" and "The Golden Arm," a ghost story that he heard down South when he was a little boy. "The Golden Arm" papa had told me before, but he had startled me so that

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I did not much wish to hear it again. But I had resolved this time to be prepared and not to let myself be startled, but still papa did, and very very much; he startled the whole roomful of people and they jumped as one man. The other story was also very funny and interesting and I enjoyed the evening inexpressibly much. After papa had finished reading we all went down to the collation in the dining-room and after that there was dancing and singing. Then the guests went away and papa and I went to bed. The next morning we rose early, took an early train for Hartford and reached Hartford at ½ past 2 o'clock. We were very glad to get back.

How charitably she treats that ghastly experience! It is a dear and lovely disposition, and a most valuable one, that can brush away indignities and discourtesies and seek and find the pleasanter features of an experience. Susy had that disposition, and it was one of the jewels of her character that had come to her straight from her mother. It is a feature that was left out of me at birth. And, at seventy, I have not yet acquired it. I did not go to Vassar College professionally, but as a guest—as a guest, and gratis. Aunt Clara (now Mrs. John B. Stanchfield) was a graduate of Vassar and it was to please her that I inflicted that journey upon Susy and myself. The invitation had come to me from both the lady mentioned by Susy and the President of the College—a sour old saint who has probably been gathered to his fathers long ago; and I hope they enjoy him; I hope they value his society. I think I can get along without it, in either end of the next world.

We arrived at the College in that soaking rain, and Susy has described, with just a suggestion of dissatisfaction, the sort of reception we got. Susy had to sit in her damp clothes half an hour while we waited in the parlor; then she was taken to a fireless room and left to wait there again, as she has stated. I do not remember that President's name, and I am sorry. He did not put in an appearance until it was time for me to step upon the platform in front of that great garden of young and lovely blossoms. He caught up with me and advanced upon the platform with me and was going to introduce me. I said in substance:

"You have allowed me to get along without your help thus far, and if you will retire from the platform I will try to do the rest without it."

I did not see him any more, but I detest his memory. Of

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course my resentment did not extend to the students, and so I had an unforgettable good time talking to them. And I think they had a good time too, for they responded "as one man," to use Susy's unimprovable phrase.

Girls are charming creatures. I shall have to be twice seventy years old before I change my mind as to that. I am to talk to a crowd of them this afternoon, students of Barnard College (the sex's annex to Columbia University), and I think I shall have as pleasant a time with those lasses as I had with the Vassar girls twenty-one years ago.

From Susy's Biography.

I stopped in the middle of mamma's early history to tell about our tripp to Vassar because I was afraid I would forget about it, now I will go on where I left off. Some time after Miss Emma Nigh died papa took mamma and little Langdon to Elmira for the summer. When in Elmira Langdon began to fail but I think mamma did not know just what was the matter with him.

I was the cause of the child's illness. His mother trusted him to my care and I took him a long drive in an open barouche for an airing. It was a raw, cold morning, but he was well wrapped about with furs and, in the hands of a careful person, no harm would have come to him. But I soon dropped into a reverie and forgot all about my charge. The furs fell away and exposed his bare legs. By and by the coachman noticed this, and I arranged the wraps again, but it was too late. The child was almost frozen. I hurried home with him. I was aghast at what I had done, and I feared the consequences. I have always felt shame for that treacherous morning's work and have not allowed myself to think of it when I could help it. I doubt if I had the courage to make confession at that time. I think it most likely that I have never confessed until now.

From Susy's Biography.

At last it was time for papa to return to Hartford, and Langdon was real sick at that time, but still mamma decided to go with him, thinking the journey might do him good. But after they reached Hartford he became very sick, and his trouble prooved to be diptheeria. He died about a week after mamma and papa reached Hartford. He was burried by the side of grandpa at Elmira, New York. [Susy rests there with them.—S. L. C.] After that, mamma became very very ill, so ill that there seemed great danger of death, but with a great deal of good

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care she recovered. Some months afterward mamma and papa [and Susy, who was perhaps fourteen or fifteen months old at the time.—S. L. C.] went to Europe and stayed for a time in Scotland and England. In Scotland mamma and papa became very well equanted with Dr. John Brown, the author of "Rab and His Friends," and he mett, but was not so well equanted with, Mr. Charles Kingsley, Mr. Henry M. Stanley, Sir Thomas Hardy grandson of the Captain Hardy to whom Nellson said "Kiss me Hardy," when dying on shipboard, Mr. Henry Irving, Robert Browning, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Charles Reade, Mr. William Black, Lord Houghton, Frank Buckland, Mr. Tom Hughes, Anthony Trollope, Tom Hood, son of the poet—and mamma and papa were quite well equanted with Dr. Macdonald and family, and papa met Harrison Ainsworth.

I remember all these men very well indeed, except the last one. I do not recall Ainsworth. By my count, Susy mentions fourteen men. They are all dead except Sir Charles Dilke.

We met a great many other interesting people, among them Lewis Carroll, author of the immortal "Alice"—but he was only interesting to look at, for he was the stillest and shyest full-grown man I have ever met except "Uncle Remus." Dr. Macdonald and several other lively talkers were present, and the talk went briskly on for a couple of hours, but Carroll sat still all the while except that now and then he answered a question. His answers were brief. I do not remember that he elaborated any of them.

At a dinner at Smalley's we met Herbert Spencer. At a large luncheon party at Lord Houghton's we met Sir Arthur Helps, who was a celebrity of world-wide fame at the time, but is quite forgotten now. Lord Elcho, a large vigorous man, sat at some distance down the table. He was talking earnestly about Godalming. It was a deep and flowing and unarticulated rumble, but I got the Godalming pretty clearly every time it broke free of the rumble, and as all the strength was on the first end of the word it startled me every time, because it sounded so like swearing. In the middle of the luncheon Lady Houghton rose, remarked to the guests on her right and on her left in a matter-of-fact way, "Excuse me, I have an engagement," and without further ceremony she went off to meet it. This would have been doubtful etiquette in America. Lord Houghton told a number of delightful stories. He told them in French, and I lost nothing of them but the nubs.

MARK TWAIN.

(To be Continued.)

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JAMES WILSON, PATRIOT, AND THE WILSON DOCTRINE.

BY LUCIEN HUGH ALEXANDER, OF THE PHILADELPHIA BAR.

"I cannot do better than base my theory of governmental action upon the words and deeds of one of Pennsylvania's greatest sons, Justice James Wilson."—PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

WITH these words Theodore Roosevelt, in a recent oration,* focussed public attention upon James Wilson, who through the vista of the nineteenth century is looming the intellectual colossus of the formative years of the Republic, and whose principles must eventually be the basis for the solution of those subtle constitutional problems which result from our closely interlocked dual form of government. To many in our day, James Wilson will prove a revelation; to others, to an unnumbered throng ever increasing with the oncoming years, his governmental theories will be a never-failing source of inspiration; and to the nation the Wilson doctrine is the harbinger, the hope and the salvation for untrammelled forward progress in the field of destiny.

The object of these pages shall be to place this man in true perspective before the people whom he loved and in whose service he died. In order to do so, the writer will not confine himself to the enunciation of his personal views, lest in the recital Wilson suffer; but, with "wealth of quotation," he will draw from the opinions of that little band of constitutional lawyers and historians who, in the examination of the great problems of governmental action, are never satisfied until they have mastered the principles and sought the sources, and who, in seeking, found —James Wilson, luminous, transcendent, constitution-maker, nation-builder; the intellectual giant, in whose train have fol-

* Dedication of Pennsylvania's new Capitol, October 4th, 1906.

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lowed that great galaxy of constitution interpreters—Hamilton, Jay, Webster, Bradley, Taney and, peer of all, John Marshall —whose work and whose names are an immortal part of our common heritage.

In juridical learning, in national patriotism, in the power to make things happen, the dynamic intellectual power, no man of the great constructive days of the American Republic excelled James Wilson. He was a member of the Continental Congress, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, great leader in the United States Constitutional Convention and a Justice of the Supreme Court by appointment of Washington on the establishment of that Court. More than any one man he made the Declaration possible and practically effective. His vote made it possible; for, without the prestige of Pennsylvania's vote, it would probably have failed of affirmative action, and certainly would have proved abortive. Two of the Pennsylvania delegates (John Dickinson and Robert Morris) were unwilling to support action so radical, and declined to vote. Exclusive of Wilson, the four remaining Pennsylvania delegates were evenly divided, and Wilson, untrammelled by the influence of the learned Dickinson, his preceptor in the law, and holding the balance of power, wielded it for the cause of liberty and independence. Furthermore, he made the Declaration practically effective by holding off the vote until there was substantial backing *by the people,* thereby securing virtual unanimity of endorsement. This is evidenced by an extraordinary certificate, recently located by the writer in the National Archives, signed by John Hancock, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Edward Rutledge, Robert Morris, and other members of the Continental Congress setting forth Wilson's attitude in the matter of the Declaration. In a forty-page pamphlet, written some years before and published to the world twenty-three months in advance of the Declaration of Independence, and extensively circulated among the members of the first Continental Congress, he used the phrase "all men are by nature free and equal," and at the same time he enunciated the doctrine that, by the British constitution, Parliament possessed no legislative power over the colonies, sustaining his argument with copious authority. Again in January, 1775, he was far in advance of other patriots, asserting at Philadelphia in a provincial convention, in a speech which will ever

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stand as one of the highest types of American oratory, that George III, "forgetting his character and dignity, has stepped forth, and openly avowed and taken part in the iniquitous conduct" of his ministers and Parliament, thereby violating the British constitution; and he proposed to the convention a resolution declaring:

> "That the acts of the British Parliament for altering the charter and constitution of the colony of Massachusetts Bay, . . . for shutting the port of Boston, and for quartering soldiers on the inhabitants of the colonies are unconstitutional and void. . . . That all force employed to carry such unjust and illegal attempts into execution is force without authority; and that it is the right of British subjects to resist such force; that this right is founded upon both the letter and the spirit of the British constitution."

At the outbreak of the Revolution, he organized a regiment. He later became Brigadier-General and the Director-General of the Pennsylvania Militia. In the Continental Congress he was chairman of the committee on "Defence of Philadelphia," then the seat of government, and an active member of the Board of War. He was also Advocate-General for France in America, serving without pecuniary compensation.

It is now conceded by those most competent to pass judgment that, in the great Constitutional Convention of 1787, he was the most learned and intellectually the ablest of the members. His power and influence were exceeded by the delegate of no other State. Indeed, Wilson made such an impress upon the Convention that, after it had been in session two months, he was elected by ballot one of the Committee of Five on detail, to which was intrusted the work of actually drafting the Constitution, and he is reputed to have been the chairman of that committee. In the deliberations of the Convention, his services were probably of more practical value than those of any other delegate. Madison's minutes show that in vital matters his intellect dominated the proceedings. Contemporaneous records make clear that it is no undue praise to record that, without the force, power and tact of Wilson in the Constitutional Convention, without his persuasive arguments and profound learning, no agreement could have been reached upon a federal Constitution which would have been ratified, or which, if ratified, would have stood the stress of conflict through a score of years.

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The key-note of Wilson's entire career is his unyielding faith *in the people* as the rock upon which of necessity a republic must stand. His faith in the people was more practically sincere, more real, more abiding than Jefferson's. He believed that all sovereignty —the sovereignty of a nation, with all the powers and incidents appertaining thereto — was lodged in the people, *the people of the nation collectively,* and not in the State *quâ* States, or in the people as segregated into particular States.

His services in the Constitutional Convention cannot well be overestimated. Hampton L. Carson, the Attorney-General of Pennsylvania and historian of the Supreme Court of the United States, refers to them in part as follows:

"He desired that the various branches of the new Government should be thoroughly independent of each other. While willing to preserve the State governments he sought to guard the General Government against the encroachments of the States. . . . He pointed out the advantages of a national government over one purely federative, and showed that the individuality . . . of the States was not incompatible with a general government. He wished the executive to consist of but one person, and proposed that the President should be chosen by electors elected by the people. . . . He urged that senators as well as representatives should be chosen by the people. . . . He advocated a proportional representation of the States in Congress. . . . He desired a provision that the contracts of the Confederation should be fulfilled, and advocated a guarantee to the States of republican institutions. He opposed a proposition to allow the States to appoint to national offices, and doubted whether the writ of *habeas corpus* should ever be suspended. He contended for an absolute prohibition upon the States relative to paper money and also for a provision prohibiting the passing of laws impairing the obligation of contracts. . . . He is strangely unknown, considering the high position to which he is entitled."

This is but a brief outline of a few of the great themes to which Wilson addressed himself in the Convention. Madison's minutes strikingly portray his invaluable and brilliant services.

In Pennsylvania the fight for the ratification of the United States Constitution was intense, and to Wilson's herculean labors in its behalf, to his oratory, to the power and logic of his arguments, more than to anything else, was the final victory due. This Pennsylvania contest was bitter, and Wilson was burned in effigy by the anti-federalists. Had the work of the Constitutional Convention been repudiated by Pennsylvania, its adoption by a sufficient number of States could not have been secured.

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Curtis, in his "Constitutional History of the United States," says:

[Wilson's Pennsylvania speech for ratification] "is one of the most comprehensive and luminous commentaries on the Constitution that has come down to us from that period. It drew from Washington a high encomium, and it gained the vote of Pennsylvania for the new Government against the ingenious and captivating objections of his opponents."

Bancroft declares:

"But for one thing, without doubt, Pennsylvania would have refused to have ratified the Constitution, and that one incident marks alike the technical knowledge, the comprehensive grasp and force of argument of this great man."

Graydon says of him:

"He never failed to throw the strongest light on his subjects, and seemed rather to flash than elicit conviction syllogistically. He produced greater orations than any other man I have ever heard."

Francis Hopkinson, on December 14th, 1787, wrote Thomas Jefferson, then in Paris:

"This [the new Constitution] has been the subject of great debate in our convention [the Pennsylvania ratifying convention], and perhaps the true principles of government were never upon any occasion more fully and ably developed. Mr. Wilson exerted himself to the astonishment of all hearers. The powers of Demosthenes and Cicero seem to be united in this able orator. The principal speeches have been taken in shorthand."

James DeWitt Andrews, of the New York Bar, pays him this tribute:

"The correctness of his conclusions upon constitutional matters may be judged when we find that he not only maintained that it was the power and the duty of the courts to declare void legislative acts which contravene the Constitution, but he also clearly explained that a legislative grant was a contract, and also in the same connection maintained that the charter of a corporation might in some cases be a contract, which view was adopted in the Dartmouth College case. Still more remarkable is his argument upon the inherent powers of the nation, which he maintained existed outside of enumerated powers, in cases where the object involved was entirely beyond the power of the States and was a power ordinarily possessed by sovereign nations. Thus by these arguments anticipating the grounds taken by Judge Marshall in Fletcher *v.* Peck, Dartmouth College case and Marbury *v.* Madison, and also the positions necessarily taken in order to arrive at the legal conclusions reached in the legal tender causes."

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Bancroft remarks:

"We have all read of the great argument of Webster, that the Constitution is not a compact. Wilson in the Convention presented this question thus: 'This system is not a compact. I cannot discern the least trace of a compact. The introduction to the work is not an unmeaning flourish; the system itself tells what it is, an ordinance, an establishment of the people.'"

In a long and remarkable holographic letter to George Washington, dated December 31st, 1791, recently located in the Washington Archives, Wilson urged the importance of a digest of the laws of the United States, which should clearly define the limits of State and National rights, and he himself offered to undertake the task. With prophetic vision he seemed to see the oncoming Civil War and hoped to prevent it. In this letter to Washington he said (italics indicate Wilson's underscoring):

"The most intricate and the most delicate questions in our national jurisprudence will arise in running the line between the authority of the National Government and that of the several States. . . . A controversy, happening between the United States and any particular State in the Union, will be viewed and agitated, with bias and passion, like a question of *politics*. For this reason, the principles and rules on which it must be determined should be clearly and explicitly known *before it arises*. . . . It is probable, therefore, that the directions which the line above mentioned ought to take, may be traced with a satisfactory degree of *clearness* as well as of precision; and that neither *vacancies* nor *interferences* will be found, between the *limits* of the two jurisdictions. For it is material to observe, that both jurisdictions *together* compose or ought to compose only *one* uniform and comprehensive system of government and laws."

Had Wilson been selected to undertake the work he outlined to Washington, who shall say but that the great Civil War might have been avoided? For it is possible that, had the line between State and National powers been run, clearly and forcefully, as Wilson would have run it, "before"—as Wilson put it—"before a controversy happening between the United States and any particular State in the Union" had been "agitated with bias and passion," the great issue would never have reached such a crisis that only the arbitrament of shot and shell and a nation's blood could settle it. It would have cut from under the feet of Calhoun and his followers the very ground upon which they relied for popular support. Listen to the words of Professor A. C. McLaughlin, formerly of Harvard and the Car-

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negie Institution, now at Ann Arbor. He quotes, from Madison's minutes of the Constitutional Convention, a paragraph from the notes on Wilson's speech of June 25th, 1787, in favor of the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people, to wit:

"He [Wilson] was opposed to an election by the State legislatures. In explaining his reasons, it was necessary to observe the twofold relations in which the people would stand,—first, as citizens of the General Government, and, secondly, as citizens of their particular State. The General Government was meant for them in the first capacity; the State governments in the second. Both governments were derived from the people, both meant for the people; both, therefore, ought to be regulated on the same principles. . . . The General Government is not an assemblage of States, but of individuals, for certain political purposes; it is not meant for the States, but for the individuals composing them. The individuals, therefore, not the States, ought to be represented in it."

Professor McLaughlin comments as follows:*

"Wilson in these sentences gave the fundamental idea of the federal State; and because it was he who did present these thoughts so conspicuously, he deserves unstinted praise. This double allegiance and double obedience owed by each citizen to two governments, each distinct from the other, and each supreme in its own field, is the most striking and the most important feature of the political organization of our country. . . . It represents the greatest of our achievements in statecraft. It is wonderful that Wilson should have grasped this principle so firmly and insisted on it so strenuously, when the men around him were striving eagerly for some local advantage or, if wise and generous, were too often lost in the contemplation of the mere mechanism of government. Seventy years later, at another fateful period in our history, statesmen saw but dimly this great fundamental fact in our political system. James Buchanan and Jeremiah S. Black, wrestling in agony of spirit with the problems of secession, begat together the mysteries of that wonderful message, which declared that secession was illegal, but that there was no legal means to prevent it, because the National Government could not coerce a State. They apparently did not comprehend these elementary facts which Wilson so clearly stated."

Although Wilson is strangely unknown, even to intelligent educated Americans, constitutional historians have at last begun to realize his place as nation-builder.

John Bach McMaster recently declared:

"I believe Wilson to be the most learned lawyer of his time. As a statesman, he was ahead of his generation in foresight. *Many of the*

* "James Wilson and the Constitution," *Polt. Sc. Qr.*, March, 1897.

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great principles of government advocated by him, we, as a nation, are only beginning to apply."

James Bryce, in his "American Commonwealth," speaks of "the acuteness of James Wilson," and declares him to have been "one of the deepest thinkers and most exact reasoners among the members of the Convention of 1787." He also says of him:

"The speeches of the latter in the Pennsylvania ratifying convention, as well as in the great Convention of 1787, display an amplitude and profundity of view in matters of constitutional theory which place him in the front rank of the political thinkers of his age."

Commenting on Wilson's law lectures, James DeWitt Andrews, long the chairman of the American Bar Association's Committee on Classification of the Law, and the editor of the last edition* of Wilson's Works, remarks:

"Would you trace the history of popular governments, you will find the whole outline traced by the master hand of Wilson in these lectures, prepared especially to instruct the American student as to the difference between the institutions which had before existed, and the political system of law and government which exists in the United States. . . . In one respect Wilson's works are remarkable. It is in this: each fundamental principle is in every instance traced to its source, whether it shall be a principle enunciated by Socrates, Aristotle, Cicero, Gaius, Puffendorf, Locke, Grotius or Hobbes, Descartes or Hume, Vattal or Domat, who may have written upon some proposition or problem of the law or government. Little of value seems to have escaped the examination of our author, and the number of references to classical jurists, philosophers, politicians or historians who have written upon subjects connected with jurisprudence is remarkable."

Andrews also says:

"The address upon the powers of the British Parliament stands unequalled by anything upon the same subject, and the argument upon the Bank of North America stands as a constitutional exposition second to no constitutional argument or opinion delivered before or since. Indeed it not only embraced every ground of argument which Marshall was called upon to treat, but it assumed and defined precisely the position which was necessarily taken in the Legal Tender decisions."

Bryce pays Wilson the tribute of being the first statesman, British or American, to have an adequate comprehension of the powers and limitations of the British system of government. Referring to one phase of it, he declares:

* Published at Chicago in 1896. The first edition was issued at Philadelphia in 1804, in three handsome volumes, with engraving of the author, and under the direction of Bird Wilson.

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"The first statesman who remarked this seems to have been James Wilson, who said in 1787: 'The idea of a constitution limiting and superintending the operations of legislative authority, seems not to have been accurately understood in Britain. There are at least no traces of practice comformable to such a principle. The British Constitution is just what the British Parliament pleases. When the Parliament transferred legislative authority to Henry VIII, the act transferring it could not, in the strict acceptation of the term, be called unconstitutional.'"

Again, referring to the United States Constitution, Bryce says:

"Such novelty as there is belongs to the scheme of a supreme or rigid Constitution, reserving the ultimate power to the people, and limiting in the same measure the power of a legislature. . . . This was clearly stated by James Wilson of Pennsylvania, one of the deepest thinkers and most exact reasoners among the members of the Convention of 1787. Speaking of the State constitutions, he remarked in the Pennsylvania Convention of 1787: 'Perhaps some politician who has not considered with sufficient accuracy our political systems would observe that in our governments the supreme power was vested in the constitutions. This opinion approaches the truth, but does not reach it. The truth is that, in our governments, the supreme, absolute and uncontrollable power remains in the people. As our constitutions are superior to our legislatures, so the people are superior to our constitutions.'"

Bancroft brings out clearly Wilson's grasp of the fact that, under the American Constitution, all sovereignty remains in the people. He records:

"The fiercest day's debate in Pennsylvania was upon the omission in the federal Constitution of a Bill of Rights. Wilson, rising to prove that there was no need of a Bill of Rights, said: 'The boasted Magna Charta of England derives liberties of the inhabitants of that kingdom from the gift and grant of the king, and no wonder the people were anxious to obtain Bills of Rights; but here the fee-simple remains in the people, and by this Constitution they do not part with it. The preamble to the proposed Constitution, "*We, the people of the United States, do establish,*" contains the essence of all the Bills of Rights that have been or can be devised.'"

Vice-Chancellor Emery of New Jersey recently said:

"If Wilson performed no other service to the nation, he deserves our unending gratitude for introducing into the nomenclature of constitutional law the phrase 'obligation of contracts,' and securing the adoption of the form of constitutional mandate, 'No State shall pass any law impairing the obligation of contracts.'"

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Of Wilson, former president of the American Bar Association Simeon E. Baldwin, Justice of the Supreme Court of Connecticut and professor in the Yale Law School, writes:

"*He was the real founder of what is distinctive in our American jurisprudence,* and his arguments for the reasonableness and practicability of international arbitration were a century ahead of his time."

His views on international law, remonstrance, intervention, mediation and arbitration are profound, and, though set forth more than a century ago in his published works, we are but barely coming abreast of them. For international arbitration, Wilson argued thus:

"Individuals unite in civil society and institute Judges with authority to decide, and with authority also to carry their decisions into full and adequate execution, that Justice may be done and war may be prevented. Are states too wise or too proud to receive a lesson from individuals? Is the idea of a common Judge between nations less admirable than that of a common Judge between men? If admissible in idea, would it not be desirable to have an opportunity of trying whether the idea may not be reduced to practice?"

Wilson was profoundly learned in the Roman or Civil Law, and concerning his argument for international arbitration, Andrews remarks:

"He refers to the sentiments expressed in the Alcoran; to the example of the Amphictyony; to the Lacedæmonian arbitration between Megara and Athens; to the offer of the Romans to arbitrate; and lastly to . . . the words of Thucydides, where he says: 'It is cruel and detestable to treat him as an enemy who is willing to submit his case to an arbitration.'"

Speaking of the United States Constitutional Convention, John Marshall Harlan, now the senior Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, in 1900, said of Wilson:*

"He was recognized as the most learned member of that notable body. Webster said that Justice was the great interest of man on earth. Of Justice, as illustrated by the science of the law, Wilson had been an earnest devotee from his early manhood. In the highest and best sense he was a great lawyer. Still more, he had become a master in the science of government. He was therefore preeminently qualified to take part in laying the foundations of institutions under which the rights of man would be secure against the assaults of power. What a privilege it was to look upon that convention of patriots and statesmen—the wisest assemblage of public servants that ever convened at any time in the history of the world—no one of them wiser than James Wilson."

* "The Career of James Wilson," *Amer. Law Review*, September, 1900.

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Chisholm *versus* Georgia, the first of the great constitutional cases to arise in the Supreme Court of the United States—the only one while Wilson was a Justice of it—exemplifies his grasp upon fundamental principles. Of the all-potent decision in that case, Judge Cooley, in his lectures on American Constitutional History, says:

"Justice Wilson, the ablest and most learned of the associates, took the national view and was supported by two others. . . . The Union could scarcely have had a valuable existence had it been judicially determined that the powers of sovereignty were exclusively in the States or in the people of the States severally. Neither is it important that we proceed to demonstrate that the doctrine of an indissoluble union, though not in terms declared, is nevertheless in its elements, at least, contained in that decision. The qualified sovereignty, National and State, the subordination of State to Nation, the position of the citizen as at once a necessary component part of the federal and of the State system, are all exhibited."

"The Nation," in 1896,* in reviewing the Andrews edition of Wilson's Works, referred to this great decision, and said:

"The sovereignty of the Union had been recognized, the idea of the State as a subordinate political agency had been formulated—views to be wholly lost sight of, and to be vindicated two generations later by force of arms in a conflict which ended in their complete triumph. One of the earliest heralds of the true constitutional meaning and scope of that great conflict seems to have been Wilson. The opinion in Chisholm *vs.* the State of Georgia is really his best monument. . . . [It is] that of an orator, a publicist, a scholar and a metaphysician, dissatisfied with himself unless he could show that the decision he had reached was called for, not merely by the Constitution, but by all history, all law, and finally by all philosophy."

J. O. Pierce, in an article† characterizing Wilson as the "Pioneer of American Jurisprudence," said of this decision:

"On the foundation of this decision rests the governmental fabric of the United States. . . . Wilson set to himself the task of answering the question, 'Do the people of the United States form a nation?' This question is illustrated by copious classical, historical and juridical references, presented with the vivacity of an earnest debater, the answer constituting a thesis in which the broad observations of a scholar, the close analysis of a jurist, and the profound researches of a philosopher are happily united. . . . His distinctions between statehood and sovereignty, his terse assertions of the sovereignty of the people, his illus-

* Vol. LXII, p. 494.
† *The Dial*, Vol. XX, p. 236.

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trations of the inherent characteristics and the high honor of that sovereignty, and his close analysis of all the governmental questions involved in the American system, might to-day be well taken as a text-book by the student of our institutions."

Pierce also, with rare and brilliant insight, remarks of Wilson:

"But not in his generation could a just discrimination assign to his labors, or to those of his colaborers, their relative or comparative value or importance. Who could then have foreseen, for instance, the subsequent decision in the Dartmouth College case, to be followed by a long train of adjudications establishing corporate rights under charters? Who could then have anticipated the desirability of ascertaining and locating the earliest assertion of the constitutional principle that a legislative contract is protected against legislative encroachment? Who could have foreseen the judicial career of a Marshall, or have believed possible a civil war between the adherents of Webster's constitutional views and the partisans of Calhounism? The great creative work of Wilson as a constitutional jurist could scarcely have been assigned its true position in our juridical edifice at any time prior to the late war."

Such are a few of the encomiums paid Wilson by those who are beginning to realize the transcendent value of his work.* Yet this man, popularly so little known and to whom the American people owe so much, lies buried in a distant State, where he died one hundred and eight years ago, far from kith and kin, and in a grave whose headstone even has no name on it.

Little wonder is it that James Bryce exclaimed in his American masterpiece: "*Wilson is one of the luminaries of the time to whom subsequent generations of Americans have failed to do full justice.*"

Now a change has come, and near the Ides of November the remains of this great man will be tenderly removed by the Governor and people of Pennsylvania to rest at the side of his wife in old Christ Church burial-ground, Philadelphia, not far from the tomb of Benjamin Franklin and other patriots.

"At last," as said Joseph H. Choate the other day, "at last the nation is beginning to appreciate Wilson." The United States Government will convey the remains to Philadelphia on an armored cruiser of the Navy. On arrival, they will be received with the highest civic and military honors, and escorted to Independence Hall, where for twenty-four hours they will

* See illuminating sketch by Frank Gaylord Cook, *Atlantic Monthly*, September, 1889; also 1896, annual address before Pa. Hist. Soc. by Burton Alva Konkle, the historian, the most comprehensive and only complete biographic outline so far attempted (not yet in print).

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lie in state at the scene of his greatest triumphs, in the sacred spot where he successfully battled for the Declaration of Independence, where he bore so valiant a part in the mighty intellectual and victorious struggle of 1787 to make the American colonies a nation, and where he also sat as the first great Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, breathing the breath of national life into the Constitution. At his bier, to do him honor and voice their tributes, will gather high Federal and State officials, the Supreme Court of the United States, representatives of the Congress, and the Attorney-General of the United States by express delegation of the President to speak for the executive department of the Government. Thus will the last of the "fathers of the Republic," whose ashes have as yet found but temporary sepulchre, be laid to rest.

Yet in one sense Wilson is not dead. His spirit like the fires of eternal Truth can never die. It is stronger and more powerful than a century ago, by force of the great principles he enunciated, and which have gained stability with the advance of liberty and the growth of republican institutions the world over. It is not so much as statesman but as jurist Wilson now lives with us. As statesman, his work for America ended with the adoption of the Constitution and birth of the nation. They stand as an imperishable monument to what he and the fathers did as warriors and statesmen.

The true value of Wilson is not in the glory of past achievement, but in the fact that his doctrine of constitutional interpretation is big with possibilities for the future, and potent to prove the solvent for every constitutional problem involved in the delicate questions resulting from State individuality and National sovereignty. His doctrine has stood immovable through the storm and stress of civil war, binding together the foundations of the Federal Government as they tottered; and in times of peace it proved the guide for executive action by Washington and Jackson, and for judicial interpretation by John Marshall.

> "'Tis the set of the soul
> That decides the goal,
> And not the calm or the strife."

And now it is President Roosevelt who embodies the spirit of the Wilson doctrine. In his last notable public utterance, he declared:

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"I cannot do better than base my theory of governmental action upon the words and deeds of one of Pennsylvania's greatest sons, Justice James Wilson. Wilson's career has been singularly overlooked for many years, but I believe that more and more it is now being adequately appreciated. . . . He was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He was one of the men who saw that the Revolution, in which he had served as a soldier, would be utterly fruitless unless it was followed by a close and permanent union of the States; and in the Constitutional Convention, and in securing the adoption of the Constitution and expounding what it meant, he rendered services even greater than he rendered as a member of the Continental Congress, which declared our independence; for it was the success of the makers and preservers of the Union which justified our independence.

"He believed in the people with the faith of Abraham Lincoln; and, coupled with his faith in the people, he had what most of the men who in his generation believed in the people did not have — that is, the courage to recognize the fact that faith in the people amounted to nothing unless the representatives of the people assembled together in the National Government were given full and complete power to work on behalf of the people. He developed even before Marshall the doctrine (absolutely essential not merely to the efficiency but to the existence of this nation) that an inherent power rested in the nation, outside of the enumerated powers conferred upon it by the Constitution, in all cases where the object involved was beyond the power of the several States and was a power ordinarily exercised by sovereign nations.

"In a remarkable letter in which he advocated setting forth in early and clear fashion the powers of the National Government, he laid down the proposition that it should be made clear that there were neither vacancies nor interferences between the limits of State and National jurisdictions, and that both jurisdictions together composed only one uniform and comprehensive system of government and laws; that is, whenever the States cannot act, because the need to be met is not one of merely a single locality, then the National Government, representing all the people, should have complete power to act. It was in the spirit of Wilson that Washington, and Washington's lieutenant, Hamilton, acted; and it was in the same spirit that Marshall construed the law."

And here the President applies the Wilson doctrine to the vital issue of our day:

"It is only by acting in this spirit that the national judges, legislators, and executives can give a satisfactory solution of the great question of the present day—the question of providing on behalf of the sovereign people the means which will enable the people in effective form to assert their sovereignty over the immense corporations of the day. Certain judicial decisions have done just what Wilson feared; they have, as a matter of fact, left vacancies, left blanks between the limits of possible State jurisdiction and the limits of acutal National jurisdiction over the control of the great business corporations. It is

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the narrow construction of the powers of the National Government which in our democracy has proved the chief means of limiting the national power to cut out abuses, and which is now the chief bulwark of those great moneyed interests which oppose and dread any attempt to place them under efficient governmental control.

"Many legislative actions and many judicial decisions, which I am confident time will show to have been erroneous and a damage to the country, would have been avoided if our legislators and jurists had approached the matter of enacting and construing the laws of the land in the spirit of your great Pennsylvanian, Justice Wilson—in the spirit of Marshall and of Washington. Such decisions put us at a great disadvantage in the battle for industrial order as against the present industrial chaos. If we interpret the Constitution in narrow instead of broad fashion, if we forsake the principles of Washington, Marshall, Wilson and Hamilton, we as a people will render ourselves impotent to deal with any abuses which may be committed by the men who have accumulated the enormous fortunes of to-day, and who use these fortunes in still vaster corporate form in business.

"The legislative or judicial actions and decisions of which I complain, be it remembered, do not really leave to the States power to deal with corporate wealth in business. Actual experience has shown that the States are wholly powerless to deal with this subject; and any action or decision that deprives the nation of the power to deal with it, simply results in leaving the corporations absolutely free to work without any effective supervision whatever; and such a course is fraught with untold danger to the future of our whole system of government, and, indeed, to our whole civilization."

This, the President's clarion call back to the doctrines of James Wilson and the other federalist fathers, should prove epoch-making. The basic principles of these doctrines Wilson enunciated before even a single one of the Federalist papers had been written, and they proved the intellectual inspiration to Washington, Madison, Jay, Hamilton and other leaders of the day. But the work did not stop there. The Wilson spirit lived on. The main line of the argument in Webster's famous reply to Hayne was clearly outlined by Wilson nearly a half-century before, and it was the backbone of the argument in Andrew Jackson's ringing proclamation of December, 1832, against Nullification, and of his powerful message of January, 1833, on the same subject. Both used Wilson's unanswerable arguments, and both builded upon the framework of his logic.

And so it was with Marshall in those great decisions which are the imperishable foundations of his immortality as Chief Justice. The revered Marshall's glory, as the greatest ex-

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pounder of the issues raised under the Constitution, during the first century of the nation's life, can never pale; yet he was bounded and restricted by the limitations of the issues before him for adjudication. He could not exceed them, and research is showing that in what he did Marshall but courageously followed in the footprints of Wilson, who broke the trail and blazed the way for him, "ploughing," as has been said, "with his own heifer"; and, greater than expounder, Wilson stands as a creator—"the real founder of what is distinctive in our American jurisprudence" (Baldwin *supra*).

The Constitution marches on; new conditions and new problems are pressing for solution. Eventually, they must be met by the Supreme Court of the United States. The Wilson doctrine presents the key. Its essence, as well as its logical sequence, is simply this: *The Constitution should be so construed that there shall be neither vacancies nor interferences between the limits of State and National jurisdictions; both together should compose but one uniform and comprehensive system of government and laws.* The evolution of our national life, the onward and upward "march of the Constitution," Marshall's magic wand of interpretation and Webster's faultless logic—these all with unerring precision illumine Wilson's transcendent grasp of the fundamental principles of our dual form of government, which he so deftly wove into the matchless fabric of our Constitution.

This is neither the time nor the place for a technical exposition of the Wilson doctrine. A brief quotation, however, from Wilson's long and able argument on inherent national powers will be appropriate. This argument, made in 1785, when the United States was under the Articles of Confederation, is even more applicable to present-day questions under the Constitution:

"Has the United States in Congress assembled a legal and constitutional power to institute and organize the Bank of North America, by charter of incorporation? . . . .

"We presume it will not be contended that any or each of the States could exercise any power or act of sovereignty extending over all the other States or any of them; or, in other words, incorporate a bank, commensurate to the United States. . . .

"Though the United States in Congress assembled derive *from the particular States* no power, jurisdiction, or right, which is not expressly delegated by the confederation, it does not thence follow, that

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the United States in Congress have *no other* powers, jurisdiction, or rights, than those delegated by the particular States.

"The United States have general rights, general powers, and general obligations, not derived from any particular States, nor from all the particular States, taken separately; but resulting from the union of the whole; and, therefore, it is provided, in the fifth article of the confederation, that 'for the more convenient management of the *general interests* of the United States, delegates shall be annually appointed' 'to meet in Congress.'

"To many purposes, the United States are to be considered as one undivided, independent nation; and as possessed of all the rights, powers and properties by the law of nations incident to such. *Whenever an object occurs, to the direction of which no particular State is competent, the management of it must, of necessity, belong to the United States in Congress assembled.* There are many objects of this extended nature."

Here Wilson's brilliant brain crystallized gems of logic which have ever since been running as "the dust of diamonds in the hour-glass" of our national jurisprudence.

Yet committees of the Congress, while knowing the necessity for sane federal action concerning some of the corporations engaged in business beyond the borders of the State of domicile, whose acts thereby extend from and beyond the State of origin into the Nation at large, deem the Congress restricted by phases of the doctrine of State rights; and even judicial committees, ignorant of the spirit of the Constitution *as expounded by Wilson,* believe the legislative branch of the Government paralyzed by reason of the judicial development of a *dictum* which crept into a decision of the Supreme Court, to the effect that insurance is not a subject of interstate commerce, wholly ignoring the fact that federal control may be sustained on far broader and more fundamental principles of constitutional interpretation than those governing the mere construction of the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution.

If, however, the Supreme Court, by a failure, at times, since the days of Marshall, to take a comprehensive view of the effects of certain judicial decisions—decisions which, without unsettling any property right or principle of law, might at least as logically have been the other way; such as, that the business of insurance conducted throughout the United States is not interstate commerce—if the Court, as a result of this, is actually permitting the executive and legislative departments of the Government

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to be handicapped, then may the spirit of James Wilson, its first great Justice, and that of Marshall, descend upon the Court and at once! The reviewer here speaks as one of the sovereign people, who, while *under* the Constitution, are yet *behind* it, and by whose sanction alone it exists in its present form or any form, and who in the last analysis possess absolute power and jurisdiction to reverse even the Supreme Court. This power the people have already once exercised by an explanatory amendment—the eleventh to the Constitution—reversing, for political reasons in 1797, one of the points decided five years before in Chisholm *versus* Georgia, though leaving in full force the real value to the nation of that great decision. *If* the Supreme Court, through judicial acquiescence in the *dictum* in Paul *versus* Virginia, have constructively misconstrued the term "commerce," so far as the business of interstate insurance is concerned, so that it is beyond recall by their own act, the Constitution is yet equal to the emergency—and the Court, embodying the highest development of our civilization, will also be; for, ere the Constitution left the skilled hands of the fathers, there was incorporated in it the provision that "*the Congress shall have power to . . . provide for the . . . general welfare of the United States.*"

In recent years the public have heard much of the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution, but very little of the general welfare clause, yet it is the blanket provision of the Constitution, and it is a power which, while undoubtedly an inherent national power, the people of the nation have *specifically delegated* to the Federal Government by the Constitution. It enunciates in explicit terms the power of the Congress to exercise this the highest type of national sovereignty. It is destined in the centuries yet to come to have a vitally important place in our jurisprudence. It is capable of an infinite adaptation to the evolution of our life as a nation. Its proper application will make impossible either vacancies or interferences between State and National jurisdictions. Yet it is a sharp-edged and dangerous tool, like the surgeon's knife which, in skilled hands, deftly wielded, saves life; but misused, takes it. It awaits the deft hand of the second Marshall. He must yet arise, to declare, with the same keen insight and the same courage as the first, the power of the National Government

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to legislate concerning every object relating to the general welfare of the United States *to which at least no particular State is competent,* and for him Wilson has cleared the path and blazed the trail as he did for the great Marshall. Any other theory belies the spirit of our institutions and declares the "march of the Constitution" ended.

And of Wilson* himself! No one who realizes his great creative work can but bow in deference to his genius and the mighty things achieved. What tribute of love, respect and veneration, however great, can be commensurate with Wilson's labors for the nation he loved, for the nation he helped to create and in whose service he died? Even if republics have been ungrateful in the past, shall it be said that the American Republic is ungrateful to such an one as Wilson? Perchance ere many years have passed, there will loom in bronze within the shadow of the Capitol at Washington, erected by "*the people of the United States,*" the giant form of Wilson, near that of Marshall, and in his hand a quill and scroll with "Constitution" inscribed thereon—"*Lest we forget, lest we forget.*"

LUCIEN H. ALEXANDER.

* James Wilson was born near St. Andrews, Scotland, September 14th, 1742; educated at the Universities of St. Andrews, Glasgow and Edinburgh; emigrated to America, 1765; member of Continental Congress: signer of Declaration of Independence; member of the United States Constitutional Convention, 1787: Justice of the Supreme Court of United States, 1789–1798; died at Edenton, North Carolina, August 28th, 1798.

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THE NEW SPIRIT IN INDIA.

BY SIR HENRY COTTON, K.C.S.I., M.P.

THE test of a nation is that its members, among all kinds of partial differences, do, in the main, work together as fellow citizens, linked by common memories and associations and by common objects. Neither race nor language, nor religion, nor geographical boundary, nor subjection to a common government is sufficient in itself to constitute a nation. It is not every population which constitutes a nationality, and the nations of the world are populations united in a very special way and by very special forces. By this test let India be judged. It is a trite saying that there is no Indian Nation. But apply the touchstone, and it will be seen that that statement is no longer true, and that there is at the present moment a New India rising before our eyes, a nation in the real sense of actual formation, with common sentiments of interest and patriotism.

India is a vast assemblage of different races, divided into numberless castes, classes and creeds. The British Government is a supreme power separate and distinct from all the units which acknowledge its sway. Unsympathetic as the subject races may be among themselves—and my experience is that we grossly exaggerate their want of mutual sympathy—the British Government, as an alien Government, is more unsympathetic with all of them, and a probability, therefore, always exists that they will consent to merge their own minor differences and unite in their attitude towards the common head. An organization only is wanted around which the elements of a nationality may cluster.

The British Government has established the basis of such an organization. It has extended to India the inestimable boon of education. It has thrown open to the educated classes a literature every page of which breathes the praise of liberty and patriotism.

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It is education on the lines of Western civilization which has served to unite the varying forces among the Indian populations.

The germ of a national organization on the basis of English education has long existed, but it has sprung into its present vigor in very recent times. Its present development is due to causes intended to produce a very different effect. The Anglo-Indian agitation, the protests which assert that "the only people who have any right to India are the British," the whole attitude of Englishmen in regard to Indian interests, the reactionary tendencies of bureaucratic rule, have combined to advance Indian unity. Clamor is met by clamor, and the very object is attained which the Anglo-Indian agitators, if they were wise in their generation, would spare no labor to prevent. The people of India have not been slow to follow the example set to them by Englishmen; they have learned their strength, the power of combination, the force of numbers, and there is now kindled in all the provinces of India a national movement which is destined to develop and increase, until it receives its fulfilment in the systematic regeneration of the whole country.

The outpouring of Indian aspirations and the yearning for nationality find their utterance through a newspaper press which has grown into an organ of great power, and are concentrated in the annual meetings of the Provincial and National Congresses.

The Indian National Congress is avowedly national in its name and scope. The Provincial Congresses which meet in every province for the discussion of provincial matters, unite together in a National Congress, which is annually held at a chosen centre, for the furtherance and discussion of national interests. A Congress consists of from five hundred to one thousand of the political leaders of all parts of India, comprising representatives of noble families, landowners, members of local Boards and municipalities, honorary magistrates, fellows of universities, and professional men, such as engineers, bankers, merchants, shopkeepers, journalists, lawyers, doctors, priests and college professors. The delegates are able to act in concert and to declare in no uncertain accents the common public opinion of the multitude of whom they are the mouthpiece. They are as representative in regard to religion as to rank and profession; Hindus, Parsis, Mohammedans and Christians have in turn presided.

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Their deliberations are marked by acumen and moderation. The principal items of their propaganda constitute a practical programme displaying insight and sagacity, and covering most of the political and economic problems of the Indian Empire. I take it upon myself to say, as a watchful eye-witness from its birth, that the Indian National Congress has discharged its duties with exemplary judgment and moderation. If its deliberations have not in any considerable measure succeeded in moulding the policy of government, they have at least exercised an immense influence in developing the history and character of the Indian people.

New impulses are springing up on every side and striking the chord of national life. Public opinion in India is not blind to signs which all who run may read. Gleams of hope are reflected from the gradual solution of the Irish question and the oft-repeated acknowledgment that Ireland must be governed in accordance with the wishes of the people. The progress of freedom's battle in Russia is eagerly watched and noted. The Egyptian movement, with its strong national leanings, reacts on India. The Pan-Islamic agitation, the popular movement in Persia, and even so-called "Ethiopianism" in South Africa are not without their effect. The marked activity of Young China, the persistent agitation for restoration of sovereign rights, the abolition of privileges granted to foreigners under the Treaties, the determined attempt to obtain possession of important sources of revenue hitherto controlled by Europeans, the signs of what is undisguisedly a national and patriotic movement in that great Eastern country, are echoed with intelligent and sympathetic interest in India.

It does not fail to attract notice that while opinion in England is generally hostile to all national movement which may be deemed to affect its own interests—such as the agitation in China or Egypt or in South Africa, not to speak of Ireland—it is ardently sympathetic with the revolutionary and wholly national movements in Russia and Macedonia, and even in Persia, which do not conflict with British interests, and have been inspired by the principles of liberty-loving Englishmen and the example of England herself.

Above all, there is Japan. What line of thought does the renaissance in Japan suggest? An alien Government, however

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well intentioned, cannot accomplish during many generations what National Government has done in less than forty years. Is not the tendency of an alien Government too often in the direction, not of progress, but of disruption and reaction? The conditions in India do not point to any early regeneration such as we have witnessed in Japan. But the example of Japan is not lost on India. It has roused new aspirations and a new hope; and a nascent nationalism is the magnet which holds together solvent influences let loose on a community which has hitherto never felt their sway.

There is now a party of Indian Nationalists who despair of constitutional agitation, and advocate the establishment of an absolutely free and independent form of national government. These men are the shadow of a cloud which casts itself over the future. A few years ago, there was no prospect of the rise of such a party. They are the product of a policy of reaction, which has led to discontent and unrest and impatience of the British connection with the country. The members of this party are in a minority at present. Their numbers are increasing, but they are not yet in the position of popular leaders.

The recognized leaders of Indian thought and the original pioneers of the national movement are still unaffected by these symptoms of alienation from the British Government. They are men of moderate views. Their ideal is not separation from Great Britain or independence from the general control, which they recognize must always be exercised over colonies and dependencies. They desire to obtain self-government and the detailed management of their own affairs. Their ideal is that India may ultimately be placed in a position corresponding to that of the self-governing colonies of the Empire. Their ideal is a federation of free and independent states, the United States of India, each with its own local autonomy under the supremacy of England. That is the goal which they see before them, knowing well that it can only be attained gradually and cautiously and as the result of time and experience.

There are now evidences of a change in the policy of the Indian Government. A Liberal Administration in England compels the adoption of Liberal and sympathetic principles in dealing with Indian questions on the spot. The leaders of Indian opinion possess much power and influence; and if the Government act

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with them and through them and not against them, the disturbing tendencies of the extreme party will speedily subside. That changes must come no one can doubt, and the future of India's political progress depends on the tact and discretion which are exercised by the members of the Government of India in cooperating with public opinion in measures of reform.

There can be no danger in this course. English rule in its present form cannot continue. But the leaders of the national movement assume, and assume rightly, that the connection between India and England will not be snapped. The English language, while it is the means of enabling the different populations of India to attain unity, binds them also to Great Britain. It is from England that all the ideas of Western thought which are revolutionizing the country have sprung; the language of Shakespeare and Milton has become the common language of India; the future of India is linked with that of England, and it is to England that India must always look for guidance, assistance and protection in her need.

HENRY COTTON.

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POLITICAL CORRUPTION IN ENGLAND.

BY EDWARD PORRITT.

AFTER every General Election which has taken place in Great Britain since 1883, when the Corrupt Practices Act was passed, Englishmen have congratulated themselves that, at last, political corruption in Parliamentary constituencies was becoming of the past. They have noted the continuous falling off in the number of election petitions which have come before the judges of the High Court; and they have assumed, because there were fewer election-petition trials, and fewer instances in which boroughs were disfranchised for bribery and corruption, that the squalid and sordid conditions which had characterized Parliamentary electioneering from the days of Queen Elizabeth were almost, if not entirely, at an end.

There were only five election-petition trials after the General Election of 1906; and in commenting on these cases, as far as they had then come before the judges, the "Yorkshire Post," of Leeds, remarked in a tone of congratulation, that "the most interesting and most welcome fact about an election-petition trial nowadays is that it is tame." "If it had not been for the pleasantries of the judges and counsel," added the "Post," "Yarmouth and Maidstone would have been insufferably dull; and, unless Bodmin and the others that are still to be heard reveal something more astonishing than has come to light during the past few days, we shall conclude—as, indeed, we would wish to be able to do—that electoral corruption is virtually a thing of the past."

The election petition at Worcester, which was pending at the time this editorial appeared, did reveal "something more astonishing" than what had come to light at Yarmouth and Maidstone. The first revelations were so bad that the sitting Member

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offered no defence after the petitioning candidate's case had been submitted to the court. He abandoned the seat; but the disclosures were so astounding that the Government, following precedents in such cases which date back to the disfranchisement of Grampound in 1821, appointed a Special Commission.

The Commission consisted of three barristers, who were deputed to hold a second inquiry with a view to determining whether Worcester should be disfranchised. The evidence taken by the Commissioners was more astounding than what had been offered at the trial of the election-petition. It showed a condition of electoral squalor every whit as bad as prevailed in many of the old Parliamentary boroughs in the last half of the eighteenth century. It disclosed conditions quite as bad as those which, in the last ninety years, have led to the temporary or permanent disfranchisement of a score or more of English and Irish boroughs —all boroughs which had sent representatives to the House of Commons before 1832, and in which the demoralizing traditions of Parliamentary electioneering had survived from the days between the reign of Queen Elizabeth and that of George III, and had continued to contaminate generation after generation of electors, and to make these places plague-spots in the British representative system.

Judged only by the number of election-petitions, there is ground for the congratulations which Englishmen nowadays bestow upon themselves after every general appeal to the constituencies; and such congratulations were especially in order after the General Election in January last. Then there were more contested elections—elections in which two or more candidates went to the polls—than at any General Election since the House of Commons came into existence six centuries ago. There were fewer walk-overs for candidates—Liberal or Conservative—than at any previous election of which detailed records are now available. Yet, notwithstanding this fact, and the further fact that 670 members had to be chosen from England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland, only five election petitions went to the courts; and in only four cases was bribery alleged. These five petitions all originated in English constituencies; and, excepting that at Sheffield, where the petition was based on charges of a technical character, all the petitions were in old boroughs which have long had a more or less discreditable electoral history.

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Yarmouth, Maidstone, Bodmin and Worcester, although not all proved to be equally squalid at the recent election-petition trials, although not all anything like so bad as Worcester, are just the constituencies in which a student of English electoral history would expect to find corruption surviving as long as it was possible for it to exist. Especially would this expectation be entertained of the old freeman and cathedral city of Worcester; for, under the old electoral system, and under that which existed from 1832 to the Corrupt Practices Act of 1883, the cathedral cities were, almost without exception, constituencies such as the Election Commission has recently shown Worcester still to be. They were places in which there was scarcely any hope for a Parliamentary candidate, no matter what his politics, until the electors were fully assured that he had brought plenty of money with him, and that he was willing to spend it freely in treating and buying votes.

"What is your experience of previous elections here?" asked Commissioner Avory, of one of the witnesses at Worcester, who had been a canvasser for the Liberal candidate at the election in January. "You cannot get nigh them," he answered, "unless your pockets are lined." "You may go two or three times for your man," he added, "and when you get him he wants to know whether you are going to put your hands down." "The parties are so equally divided," said another of these witnesses at Worcester—a lawyer, who was chairman of a Liberal ward committee, "that the bribable class practically rules the town. Whoever gets these two to three hundred votes will win." "Then," interposed the Commissioner, "the party that bribes will win." "Yes," was the answer of the chairman of a ward committee.

In the old days—that is before 1832—Worcester was a peculiar constituency. It was what was known as a city of a county. For local government purposes it was completely self-contained. It had its own sheriff, and was quite apart, as regards the administration of justice, local government, and militia, from the county in which it is situated, and to which it gives its name. There were then nineteen of these cities of counties or boroughs of counties. In some of these constituencies the freeholders had votes. In others they had not.

Worcester was one of the cities of counties in which the freeholders within the city had votes neither for the city Members of

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Parliament nor for the Members for the county of Worcester. The electoral franchise was the exclusive right of the freemen —men who had obtained the freedom by inheritance, because their fathers were freemen; by serving an apprenticeship with tradesmen who were freemen; by redemption, or by having the freedom bestowed on them by the city corporation. Men who received the freedom from the corporation were known as honorary freemen. After 1747 the honorary freemen did not vote; but the conditions of the franchise were such that, when once a man had attained the freedom, whether by birth or servitude, it was immaterial to his right to exercise the Parliamentary vote whether he lived in Worcester or had any real connection with the city. The only qualification for voting was the negative one that the freeman had not been in receipt of poor-law relief; and, for fully a century before 1832, non-resident freemen who were settled in London, Bristol, Birmingham, Kidderminster and other places, were carried to Worcester at the expense of the Parliamentary candidates to vote at the elections.

Some other consideration besides travelling expenses had to be paid to the non-resident freeman to induce him to make the journey to Worcester; and it usually needed an equally substantial consideration to get the resident freemen to the polls. By the Act of 1832, non-resident freemen were deprived of the Parliamentary franchise. The vote was withheld from freemen made after the Act; and, as time went on, the remaining freemen, who were left in possession of the Parliamentary franchise, were lost among the ten-pound-householder voters created by the Act of 1832, and in the greatly enlarged electorate which came into existence in all boroughs after the Reform Act of 1867.

Worcester's traditions were bad when the first reform was made in 1832; and, as the recent inquiry by the Special Commission has disclosed, the enlargement of the electorate in 1832 and 1867 has not served to eradicate the electoral squalor which had already made itself evident in 1639, when the city corporation began to make honorary freemen in order to sway Parliamentary elections. It continued to make them to this end until 1747, when the House of Commons intervened, set aside the claims of the honorary freemen, and until 1832 left the Parliamentary destinies of the city in the hands of the resident and non-resident

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freemen. From 1639, corrupt influences have been at work at Parliamentary elections there; and, with at least two hundred and sixty years of contaminating traditions behind them, it is scarcely surprising that even the drastic Corrupt Practices Act of 1883, which admittedly has done so much to reduce the number of election-petitions, has not yet purified the electorate in Worcester and other of the old Parliamentary boroughs in which the sordid traditions of pre-Reform days survive, and which have not been affected by the newer industrial conditions in England.

These traditions of beer-shop taps freely running for weeks at election-times and of vote-buying, especially the traditions of a right to a money equivalent for a vote, have been handed down from one generation of electors to the next, for nearly three centuries, in all the older Parliamentary constituencies; and they are naturally strongest and show the greatest power of survival in constituencies such as Yarmouth, Maidstone, Bodmin and Worcester, which are all towns that have been but little affected by the industrial developments of the nineteenth century—places in which few newcomers permanently settle; and from which emigration to the larger and newer world of industrialism is only small.

Generation follows generation in these old towns and cities; and what an election means in the way of free beer and money payments for votes, among the poorer and less self-respecting, is handed down from father to son, and from mother to daughter; and these traditions have not always been eradicated even by the drastic punishment of disfranchising a constituency for the lifetime of a Parliament or two. They are, in fact, so persistent and so tremendously difficult to uproot, they belong so much to the folk-lore of the community, that even Worcester must obviously be growing better if it is possible to accept the evidence of the ward committee chairman whose statements I have quoted, that in an electorate in which over 7,600 voters go to the poll the bribable voters in the election of 1906 did not number more than three hundred.

At first glance, the fact that there were only four petitions after the General Election of 1906 seems a splendid testimony to the efficacy of the Corrupt Practices Act, with which the name of Lord James of Hereford will always be honorably as-

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sociated. Beyond question, it is a testimony to the good results of the Act of 1883. It must be remembered, however, that other causes besides the fear of heavy pecuniary and civic penalties under the enactment of 1883 have been at work uprooting the more squalid forms of electoral corruption.

Within two years after Parliament had passed the James Act, there came the Acts of 1884-5 extending the electoral franchise to all householders in the rural districts and redistributing Parliamentary seats. By these measures the electorate was enormously enlarged; and many small boroughs which had survived the Reform Acts of 1832 and 1867, chiefly because they were controlled by territorial families which were then influential with the Government, were thrown into the newly created Parliamentary divisions. Not a few of these old boroughs had electoral histories no more wholesome than those of Yarmouth, Maidstone and Worcester. Their corruption and electoral squalor long antedated the Reform Act of 1832; and between their utterly unmerited survival in 1832, and their equally unregretted disappearance as distinct Parliamentary constituencies in 1885, these boroughs—pocket boroughs most of them—made endless work for the House of Commons Committees which dealt with election-petitions from 1770 to 1870, and after 1870 for the judges of the High Court who are now charged with the trial and determination of these petition cases.

Bribery was never characteristic of elections of knights of the shire in England—not as it was of county members from Scotland from 1707 onwards. Electors in English counties were always too numerous to admit of bribery with any certain effect; and the freeholders in counties were not of the class which could be influenced by beer and money bribes. They never lacked their share of free beer at election-times; but it was given for convivial rather than for political reasons. Loyalty to the great territorial families which controlled county elections, and pressure on tenants by landlords, undoubtedly often determined county elections from the time when seats in Parliament became in demand in the fifteenth century until as late as 1885, when the county electorate was greatly enlarged.

All this is beyond dispute; but students of the Journals of the House of Commons, and of the records of the Grenville Committees, have yet to find a solitary instance in which a knight of

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the shire was unseated because he had bribed the freeholders. It thus came about that in 1885 the small boroughs of ill-repute in electoral annals which had survived the reforms of 1832 and 1867 were thrown into larger constituencies, in which bribery of the squalid sort—bribery like that at Worcester—was almost unknown. Consequently, bribery within these old small electoral areas came to an immediate end; and there was an abrupt end to the petitions which for generations previously had so often followed elections in these places when they were self-contained constituencies, electing one or two Members, as the case might be, to the House of Commons.

Another cause which accounts for the elimination of bribery, and for the steadily decreasing number of petitions which now follow a General Election, is the enormous increase in population in the manufacturing boroughs in the Midlands and the North of England. Boroughs in these parts of England which between 1832 and 1867 were small enough to be influenced by corrupt methods, and which during those thirty-five years usually furnished their quota of petition cases, nowadays have electorates as large as those of many counties between the first and the second Reform Acts; and bribery has disappeared in these constituencies for much the same reason as caused its disappearance after 1885 in the smaller old boroughs which were left as entities in the representative system after the Act of 1832. Where electorates are large, it is usually of little avail to bribe. Moreover, in the constituencies in industrial England trade-unionism, the cooperative movement, the building societies, and steadily increasing wages and the attendant higher scale of living have all done much to enhance the self-respect of the working-classes; and, together with cheap evening newspapers of the older and more staid school of journalism, they have helped to the political education of the working-classes, and taught them the civic value of the Parliamentary vote.

Whatever may be thought of the tendency of the Labor movement, whatever speculations may be made as to its ultimate result, it is beyond question that the increasing number of Labor Members who have been of the House of Commons, since Macdonald and Burt were elected in 1868, has had an enormous influence in purifying the electorate in the older industrial boroughs. The legislation of the last thirty-five years in the

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interest of the factory workers, the miners, and the artisans, has taught the more self-respecting of the working-classes that the Parliamentary vote has a greater value to them than any money bribe; and this growing realization of the value of a vote, apart from the uncertainty and risk which must attend bribery, has had much to do with the almost complete disappearance of election-petitions in the industrial borough constituencies.

Between the Union and 1885, Irish boroughs contributed quite their full quota of election-petition trials. Many miserable, small Irish boroughs survived the Parliamentary Reform Act of 1832 for the same reason as they survived the Union in 1800. They were controlled, if they were not owned outright, by Irish territorial families, who jobbed them for ecclesiastical and civil patronage, for peerages or promotion in the peerage; and these boroughs were permitted to survive in 1800 and again in 1832 only out of respect to the susceptibilities of the landlords or moneyed men who controlled them. Like English boroughs of the same class, most of these Irish boroughs disappeared in 1885; and, in the last twenty years, there have been fewer election-petition cases from Ireland than in any similar period since 1661, when the first election-petition was adjudicated upon by the House of Commons of the Irish Parliament.

The merging of the rotten boroughs in the county divisions has done much to diminish the number of election-petitions. Quite as obviously conducive to this end has been the change which has come over Ireland since Parnell put new life and vigor into the Nationalist movement. I am not an advocate of Home Rule; but no Unionist who is familiar with the electoral history of Ireland between the Union and the Reform Act of 1885, and who is acquainted with electoral conditions there since 1885, can disguise from himself the fact that the Nationalist movement has worked two beneficial changes in Irish politics, and in particular in the economy of the representative system of Ireland. It has weeded out almost completely—certainly in every province except Ulster—the old place-hunter Irish Members, who, from the Union until about 1880, made miserable the lives of successive Patronage Secretaries to the Treasury by their never-ending intrigues and pesterings for ecclesiastical, civil, military, naval and colonial patronage for themselves, their kinsfolk or their political heelers in the constituencies.

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Irish Members learned this kind of business in the old Irish Parliament. It was most rampant after the deposition of the "undertakers" about 1770; after the time when the Lord-Lieutenants and their Secretaries undertook the management—the "bossing," as it would be called in the phraseology of American politics—of the Irish House of Commons. It continued almost as rampant until the seventies of last century. Its traditions were as persistent as those of bribery in English boroughs like Worcester; and nothing but a popular movement like that behind the Irish demand for Home Rule could ever have cleared the House of Commons and the precincts of the chambers of the Government whips at Westminster of these Irish place-hunter Members. It is this same popular movement that has ended bribery in so many Irish constituencies. Men who are of the people and little better off in purse than the majority of their constituents; men whose election expenses and whose maintenance-charges while they are of the House of Commons must come out of funds popularly subscribed, cannot bribe. Their constituents are aware of their circumstances; and they regard these Members of the new class of Parliamentary representatives in a totally different light from the old-school Irish Member, who was ready to bribe as far as his means would allow, and equally ready to make the most of his vote in obtaining Government patronage when once he had made his way to Westminster.

Why petitions from Scotland are so infrequent, and why they have always been infrequent, is easily explained. In Scotland squalid bribery never got a foothold. Scotland, from the Union in 1707 until its old electoral system was radically reformed in 1832, was "managed" more completely and more thoroughly than any other part of the British Islands that ever sent Members to the House of Commons. In the persons of the Duke of Queensberry, the Earl of Islay (afterwards Duke of Argyll), James Stuart Mackenzie, and Lord Melville, better known as Henry Dundas—but especially in the persons of Islay and Dundas—Scotland had a succession of political managers who could have learned nothing from any modern American boss. But not more than three thousand voters—county and borough—ever took part in electing Scotland's forty-five members; and, while most of these electors had their price, and knew how to stand out for it, there was usually patronage sufficient to go round—suf-

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ficient offices in church, law, civil service, the army and the navy, as well as in India and the colonies, to tie all the electors to the political fortunes of the "boss" who happened to be in control. In this way it came about that, from the Union to 1832, there were few petitions from Scotland in which bribery was alleged; and there have been fewer still since the Parliamentary franchise was extended in 1832, 1867 and 1884-5.

The Corrupt Practices Act and the other influences at work since 1883 have certainly almost put an end to squalid bribery; but careful and detailed investigations which have been made since the General Election in January* have served to emphasize a fact that has long been obvious to students of political organization and electoral methods in England. This is that, since the eradication of direct bribery began—and this reform has been going on for more than sixty years—there has been a return to the old method of bribing constituencies in the bulk.

This was the earliest form of bribery, and can be traced as far back as 1535, when men eager to be of the House of Commons offered to serve without pay, and thus save the constituencies the cost of their journeys to Westminster and their wages. Later on, candidates offered to build town halls and bridges, pave streets and install water-works in boroughs that would send them to Parliament; and it is this collective bribery in a new form that has been reintroduced since the elimination of the individual bribe. Candidates are now expected to contribute to the local churches, flower shows, cricket clubs, school sports and friendly society galas; and, in a large proportion of the constituencies in England, these subscriptions amount to a charge of from £500 to £1,500 a year. It will thus be realized that, although squalid bribery has at last almost reached a vanishing-point, bribery has by no means disappeared. Some few members—for instance, Mr. John Morley—have withstood the pressure for this kind of largesse; but, except for these few and for the Labor Members, who, of course, are not in a position to bribe, there is as yet no movement for the elimination of this newer form of corruption.

EDWARD PORRITT.

* "Electioneering Up to Date." By Charles Roden Buxton. London, 1906.

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THE POEMS OF TRUMBULL STICKNEY.

BY WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY.

THE name of Trumbull Stickney, which appears upon the volume of his Poems* which was issued under the editorship of his literary executors, is little known to the public, for his foreign residence and his distaste for the magazine as a literary conveyance combined to postpone for him the hour of recognition. But no one can read the volume of his poetical work now collected, without realizing that his sudden death at the age of thirty was a profound loss to American letters. The body of his work, though small in comparison with his ample plans, is large enough to contain poems, and those not few, of a beauty which time will only heighten and confirm.

Joseph Trumbull Stickney was the son of Austin Stickney, professor of Latin at Trinity College, and Harriet Champion Trumbull, fourth in line of descent from Jonathan Trumbull, sometime Governor of Connecticut. He was born June 20th, 1874, at Geneva, Switzerland. Until he was five years old the family resided abroad, spending their winters in Florence, their summers in the Swiss mountains and their autumns upon the Italian lakes. During the remaining years of his boyhood and youth, residence in America was varied by frequent journeys abroad, and by a winter which he spent in school at Clevedon, England. Except for this single term of formal instruction, and another at Dr. Cutler's school in New York, he received his early education entirely at the hands of Professor Stickney. Between the father and son there grew up a rare companionship of mind; the boy was led at once to the pure and ancient fountains of culture, and drew in with his earliest consciousness the love of noble letters. This, together with the romantic color and golden

* "The Poems of Trumbull Stickney," Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 8vo.

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charm which Italy and Switzerland lent to his young experience, made his preparatory years almost beyond example fortunate, if we may speak of good or evil fortune in a matter so mysterious as the growth of a talent.

He entered Harvard College in the fall of 1891. He was then, and he remained until the end of his life, a picture of radiant youth—very tall, a figure supple and graceful as a Greek runner's, a face of singular brightness moulded upon lines of earnest strength, a demeanor in which boyish simplicity was combined with implications of an experience more rich and a social habit more complex than our New World civilization affords. From the ordinary activities of college life he remained aloof, deterred partly from within by shyness and by the austerity of his intellectual view, partly from without by the sentiment, approaching awe, which his personality inspired in the average barbarian breast of the undergraduate. To his few close friends he was the most open-hearted of companions, expressive in affection, kindling with beautiful ardor when his imagination was touched, by nature grave even to melancholy, but full, nevertheless, of fantastic humor, and capable of mounting to elfin heights upon the gales of fun. Poetry was already the absorbing passion of his life. From his Freshman year he was an editor of the Harvard Monthly, to which he contributed generously all through his life, preferring it to the professional magazines.

He graduated in 1895, with honors in classics, and in the following autumn established himself in Paris, as a student at the Collége de France and the Sorbonne. Here he remained for eight years, devoting himself chiefly to Greek and Sanskrit, so far as formal studies were concerned. Meanwhile, he was thinking deeply and living richly along the paths marked out by his temperament, wherein the Puritan strain formed a solid rock basis, covered with the flowers and vines of a pagan sensibility, and interpenetrated as by veins of fire with a passionate poetic imagination. His rooms were at first under the shadow of the Pantheon, afterwards in the rue d'Assas behind the Luxembourg Gardens. These latter apartments were themselves a kind of poem, allegoric of their owner's nature in their happy distinction, their rich grave harmonies, their just and heartfelt ornament, their vista of windows opening on the venerable garden, whose air of stately melancholy merges so well with the merriment,

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intrigue, and *bravura* of Latin-quarter life, and clothes itself so gently with the glories of the seasons as they pass. Stickney loved Paris and her environs with a whole-hearted love, and felt the poetry of the place as few foreigners have done. Fontainebleau, for example, he knew in its every sylvan fastness; and I have seen him walk in that vicinity at darkest midnight across fields and through a tangle of lanes and woodland paths, guided by long familiarity as by a supernatural sense. The emotion of homelessness, which runs in a haunting undertone through his poems, made him cling with a peculiar eager fondness to these regions which were the nearest that he had known to a real abiding-place.

In pursuit of his degree, Stickney mastered virtually the whole *corpus* of Greek literature, from Homer to the New Comedy. His understanding of the genius of the language was profound. There could be no more vital exhibition of the sympathetic intelligence than the manner in which he would approach an ode of Pindar or a dialogue of Plato, lingering in its opening phrases until, as if by the mimetic process of a woodland creature, his mind gradually suffused itself with the color, moulded itself upon the fibre, beat with the tremulous secret life of the masterpiece in his hand. For scholarship as such he cared not a whit, but for the privilege of living back into the life of the great Hellenes he cared infinitely, and by infinite pains made himself able to do so. His Sanskrit studies, though they had not been carried so far, were pursued with an equally creative ardor. He dreamed of making in his own poetry I know not what new synthesis of Eastern with Western thought. His dramatic monologue, "Oneiropolos," which is put into the mouth of a Hindoo as he stands "selling dreams" to degenerate Athens, gives a hint of what he might have done in this direction.

In 1902 he published, at Boston, a volume entitled "Dramatic Verses." The book contains much of his loveliest and most characteristic work, but owing to the manner of its publication, in difficult type and at a high price, it obtained little currency. In the spring of 1903 the University of Paris gave him its degree of *docteur ès lettres,* never before conferred upon an American. Immediately thereafter he went to Greece, where he spent three months wandering with guide and donkey among the scenes in which his imagination had dwelt almost from infancy. Seven

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"Sonnets from Greece" remain as the poetic record of this journey, written at Sunium, on Mt. Lykaion, near Helikon, at Eleusis, and off the coast of Crete. In the autumn of this same year he returned to America, to accept an instructorship in Greek at Harvard College. Teaching was not to his mind, though he had prepared himself conscientiously for that career, and performed its duties with the same mingling of scrupulous attention to detail with a sense of large values and real proportions which characterized his conduct in all matters of daily life. Nor was it possible for him to deal with such subjects as he was called upon to handle, without eliciting from them a potent charm, testified to by those students who gathered regularly in his rooms to read Plato with him, and who count themselves fortunate to have heard his voice—one of the most beautiful ever given to a human being—as he read and commented upon the great passages of the "Republic."

Besides his regular academic duties, Stickney was engaged during the last winter of his life upon a metrical translation of the "Persians" of Æschylus, and devoted much time to a proposed production of the "Libation Pourers," in which he was to have taken the rôle of Orestes. Meanwhile, he was feverishly at work upon a new volume of poems. From the attitude of his mind at this time, and from certain hints in his writing, it would almost seem as if a premonition of his death, and even of the manner of his death, had come to him:

> "With thy two eyes look on me once again.
> Since certain days, I know not how it is,
> I feel the swell of tidal darknesses
> Climb in my soul and overwhelm my brain."

In the spring of 1904, he was stricken with the premonitory symptoms of cerebral tumor, but continued to work at his poems all through the tragic summer which followed, as if striving to pour out in one flood the utterance of years. Under the stress of his affliction all the sweetness, rectitude, and majesty of his nature came out in a transfiguring light. An interval of apparent recovery was followed by a swift culmination of the disease, and he died on the 11th of October. His grave is at Hartford, Connecticut, the former seat of his family.

It is too early for his poetic work to be appraised, even by one

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who should be competent to weigh its subtle values and to disentangle in its varied web the tentative from the quite achieved. I can only try to suggest its larger boundaries and to give some faint account of its presiding qualities. It is certain in the first place that Stickney was a poet in the intensive sense of the word. In a case like his, of high intellectual capabilities of a general kind, this may easily fail to receive the emphasis it deserves. Once, when severe illness had brought him face to face with the underlying realities of his own life, he said to me, "The truth is, I care for nothing but poetry." Though he led a richly varied and most human existence, with senses, affections, curiosities all in vivid action, the truth indeed was that poetry was both the root and the flower of his life, the point of repair for all his vital powers. To say this, is to say that he was in the same intimate sense a musician. In a moving lyric of his earlier years he tells the story of his initiation into the art of violin-playing; his last completed dramatic work portrays the unsatisfied passion for music in the breast of an old man, and its thwarting by his son's devotion to another art; and throughout his poems, images drawn from the world of music show the preoccupation of his mind with the musical idea. His verse is always moved from within by a musical principle, and often ravishes the ear with its melodic beauty. But he did not, as so many nympholepts of verse-music have done, lose himself in this sensuous aspect of the subject. He knew that there is, quite literally, a *music* of ideas as well as of sounds, and that only from the organic union of the two is poetry born. With many temptations thereto, he refused to work in the spirit of virtuosity. His melodies are simple, his color temperate, his images unstartling. It is only after a time that the organic power of his best work emerges for the reader, and its modesty is seen to veil a new, surpassing grace.

His work divides itself almost equally into the lyric and the dramatic modes. The lyrics are for the most part transcripts from his personal experience, fountains of natural melody gushing out from the smitten places of a young man's life. The greater number, and the best, are lyrics of love. Of these there are two groups. One, a formal sequence entitled "Eride," appeared in "Dramatic Verses," now reprinted in its entirety. "Eride" is a group of twenty-eight short poems, in five divi-

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sions. It follows a love-history through its changing phases with a sincerity, a sensitiveness, a yearning search for the heart of the mystery, and a humility before its baffling silence and withdrawal, which I think in all seriousness entitles it to a place in the Golden Book of English love-poems. "Eride" is undeniably youthful in feeling, if that be a reproach; and the sequence ends upon a chord of half-resolved bitterness, the irrepressible protest of youth against the loss of happiness, bursting up suddenly from the depths of apparent resignation:

"How much it aches to linger in these things!
I thought the perfect end of love was peace,
After the long-forgiven sufferings;
But something else, I know not what it is,

"The words that came so nearly and then not,
The vanity, the error of the whole,
The strong cross-purpose, oh, I know not what,
Cries dreadfully in the distracted soul."

And elsewhere throughout these early poems there is the turbulence and acridity of a spirit at war with itself, waging the ancient internecine strife which only the noble wage and only the faithful win. But through many of the posthumous poems there flows, now like golden trumpets muffled by height and distance, now like clearest bird song near at hand, or the whisper of evening trees, the gladness of spiritual victory, won in the face of painful circumstance. I would refer the reader to the piece mentioned above, in which the poet's premonition of his own fate comes out so startlingly,—a spring song of unfulfilled yet fortunate love, sung with inmost thanksgiving in the Valley of the Shadow, which as yet, and for a last magic hour, is still "sunlit and kind." But I will rather quote a few lines from the beautiful verses "In a City Garden":

"How sweet it is
Under the perishable trees
To hear the wings of the one human soul
Fluttering up
In Time's dark branches to the lucid stars.
More than Despair is Hope,
And more than Hope is the Hope that despairs,
And more than all
Is Love that disbelieves the real years.

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"Here in this place
One August morning—when the earlier crowd,
Showmen or populace,
From many a region and of curious face,
Abroad the holiday
Quaint in the sun with garb and gesture glowed,
And, speaking grave or gay
The various accents of their lonely race,
Between the shadowy gold bazars idled away—
She, as a cloud
All sunrise-colored and alone,
Through the blue summer trembling came to me.
I dried her tears and here we sat us down.
Little by little, as tripping oversea
On flame-tipped waves the daylight's long surprise
Sweeps world and heaven in one,
So love across our eyes
Broke with the sun. . . .
And wandering out we smiled
To see across the glowing noon so high,
So high and far,
The incandescent minarets and domes and spires
Lifting the fusion of their colored choirs
To the sky. . . .
I came to-day to find her, I came back
Humble with sweet desires
Across this dun September atmosphere
To her.
I came, I knew she was not here:
Now let me go.
I came, I come because I love her so.

"Not in the acres of the soul
Does Nature set the ploughshare of her change.
It is not strange
That here in part and whole
The faithful eye sees all things as before.
For past the newer flowers,
Above the recent trees and clouds come o'er,
Love finds the other hours
Once more."

There is in Stickney's lyric utterance at its best something momentously unspoken, which betrays to deeper abysses of feeling than are advertised of, which causes the reader, if he be sensitive to such suggestion, to turn and wonder what it is so soul-shaking under the innocent words. The secret of this qual-

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ity lies in the poet's profound sincerity, masked, and for a careless or a captious eye defeated, by the play of colored fancy on the surface. At heart Stickney knew no compromise. He proved all things; what he could not accept he let go utterly, and he could accept no alms or half-offerings at the hands of life. What I mean may be illustrated by these stanzas from the poem entitled "At St. Marguerite":

"It rains, and all along and always gulls
Career sea-screaming in and weather-glossed.
It blows here, pushing round the cliff; in lulls
Within the humid stone a motion lost
Ekes out the flurried heartbeat of the coast.

"How good it is, before the dreary flow
Of cloud and water, here to lie alone
And in this desolation to let go
Down the ravine one with another, down
Across the surf to linger or to drown

"The loves that none can give and none receive,
The fearful asking and the small retort,
The life to dream of and the dream to live!
Very much more is nothing than a part,
Nothing at all and darkness in the heart."

But he did not allow this spiritual sternness to end in mere disheartenment or to settle into a schematic pessimism. His mind remained fluid to change. Contrast, for example, the early sonnet "In a Country Churchyard," where he listens with a strange indignation to "the cry of this delirious immortality," uttered by those who are too "poor in heart" to accept Nature's decree of death, with the later lines beginning "A glad little rift, so shy," a thrilling lyric of resurrection, in which a veil of playfulness, almost of glee, masks the portentous theme.

Stickney's lyric work may be said, speaking fallibly, to be complete. If he had lived he would have added to it much that was precious, but he would perhaps not have surpassed his present achievement in kind. His career as a dramatic poet was, on the other hand, assuredly only begun. His first volume contains two remarkable dramatic monologues, the "Oneiropolos," already mentioned, and one entitled "Ludovico Martelli," from a Renaissance poet whose faded volume Stickney picked up one day

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in the library at Lucca, where he was engaged in the research of material for his Latin dissertation, "*De Hermolai Barbari Vita et Ingenio.*" The speaker in the poem is Ludovico, dying of poison administered by the creatures of Pope Leo, his rival in love. I must spare room for a few lines in which may be read, incidentally, Stickney's own vindication from the charge of following too closely in Browning's footsteps in these works of his poetic apprenticeship:

> "They said, they said, 'A soft
> Poet, who stole Petrarca's melodies
> And spoiled his robbery.' Soft in verse I was,
> A master had I like, forsooth, the rest. . . .
> For your unquiet thoughts, the horrid strong,
> I have them,—writ? Not yet! but here's my heart,
> Feel it! So tramped the innumerable host
> When Rome was burned. And very vast a tale
> Were half its history. Often have I stood
> On hills high up, by sorry coasts, alone,
> Passing my vision angrily. I thought
> To have plucked the yellow comets by their hair,
> To have braided meteors, and from 'hind the moon
> Robbed her society of chanting tides.
> I'd stand, my back to the seaward cliffs, at bay
> And fight the wave.—Completed earth's a leaf
> Turning in space along with the other dust
> That blinds the eye of God."

Of poems in true dramatic form, Stickney left two one-act pieces, "Prometheus Pyrphoros" and a scene from the youth of Benvenuto Cellini; one act of an unfinished play on the life of Julian the Apostate; and a number of smaller fragments. It is a thousand pities that he was not able to finish the Julian. There was much in his own character and training to give him peculiar insight into the mind of the poet, scholar, satirist, soldier and world-ruler who, at the moment when pagan civilization was about to be overwhelmed forever by the mounting tide of Christian thought, arose to declare again the ancient gods and to rekindle with indignant hands the violated altars. Stickney intended to write a two-act play in the nature of a prelude, treating the life of Julian before his elevation to the throne, and a five-act drama dealing with his career as emperor. The single act which he completed exhibits a power of dramatic evo-

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cation, a massive yet nervous movement, and an athletic strength of diction which promise great things, and indeed, so far as is possible in an unrevised fragment, accomplish them. The slight heaviness which the act betrays would have disappeared in a final reworking, without injury to the imaginative weight, the on-bearing energy, which make it a gage of splendid achievement to come.

The dramatic scene in which Benvenuto Cellini is the central figure gives, on a small but exquisitely finished canvas, a picture of Renaissance character and of the Renaissance passion for art such as Browning himself has hardly surpassed, nor is there any hint in it of apprenticeship to that master; it is stamped with vigorous originality in every part. The scene passes in the living-room of Cellini's father. It is evening, and the old man, after his hard day's work at the mason's craft, sits whittling a viola's back from a cherished piece of wood, and longing for the return of Benvenuto. He is jealous of his son's devotion to sculpture, and as he strives to recall certain beloved songs fast slipping from his memory, he complains to his daughter Cosa:

> "Old as I am and poor, 'twere a good life,
> Tho' hard the wages, if at ending day
> Good music by the candle sat—and his
> Outsings by far Italy's loveliest. . . .
> This drawing he potters o'er at weary night,
> Of groups and visionary postures framed
> In scroll-work, while his feverish brain upreared
> Hammer and tongs descend upon the ore;
> This love of metals and design of forms—
> You think him sculptor?"

Presently Benvenuto bursts in, angry and distraught, his brow torn, his clothes in disorder. As he gulps his supper, the father and daughter draw from him his tale of a street-fight with the painter Piero Torrigiani, who has done a dishonor to Michelangelo. Breaking off abruptly, he calls for his pencils and drawing-board, and buries himself in thought of a design "of sirens interlaced with golden scales, roughing a silver ground." At his father's plea he sings absently one of the songs which the old man has been striving to remember, but immediately buries himself again in his work, muttering:

> "How supple is the strength
> That coils the rondure of a siren's tail!

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It lies within the fine imagination
Of them of old to shape their legend so
That monsters have position in the realm
Of strict anatomy and reasoned things.—
The frame is square."

Again the father pleads timidly:

"Benvenuto,
It is not much to give thy father back
A fluteful of his breath, to tender him
Across the early morning of thy voice
A song's worth of delicious gaiety. . . .
You know not what it is to hear aloud
Within the walls of age and poverty
Your singing child, alive, alert, and full
Of small perfections in the art you love."

At last Benvenuto flings his pencils down in angry acquiescence, and plays to Cosa's singing. The old man goes into his bedroom with muttered thanks and blessings, and the boy takes up his task in black impatience:

"This fluid music clouds me like a slag.
I cannot see. My fluttering head and hand
No more are with the metals, and the lines
Go one into another like threads of wool.
Among the many arts the lowest much
Is music, which with pitiable means
Is scraped and blown and twanged and—no one knows
How or what for. O curse on 't! To work.
I can't—must—will."
GIOVANNI *(looks in at the door in his nightgown).*
"That song, another time,
Not quite so fast, and your beginning notes
Less sudden and attached with subtler breath.
BENVENUTO. If e'er I play again! He pushes me
So every evening to the rack. Great God,
The very rhythm of my design is snapped
At the root short off, just at the noble moment
When dream and comprehension fuse in one. . . .
And here over my ruined vision, I
Writhe like a scorpion in a ring of fire. . . .
Enough! At dawn to-morrow off for Rome."

Within the simple scheme of this little drama there is a wonderful play of life; the characters are completely realized, and the dialogue, while moving always in response to musical laws,

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is thoroughly dramatic. Stickney was rapidly mastering the lost secret of an acting drama in which verse-form, so far from weakening the purely dramaturgic element, magically enhances it, becomes, in fact, its very body and breath.

It remains for me to speak of the "Prometheus Pyrphoros," in some respects the piece of writing most expressive of Stickney's genius. The action passes before the rude stone house of Deukalion and Pyrrha, in the plain of Haimonia, and the scene opens in total darkness. The primeval pair talk together of the wretchedness of their lives both before and since the curse of night which Zeus has sent upon the world in revenge for the trick played upon him by Prometheus, in offering him, instead of real sacrifice, "wind-eggs and unsubstantial things." Meanwhile, Prometheus stands in the door of the house, and from within sounds at intervals the voice of Pandora, who is with child by Zeus. Prometheus, in accordance with the ancient mythographers, is spoken of as the father of the human couple, and Pandora is called by them "mother," though there is no hint of any relationship between the Titan and Pandora. Neither is she represented, as in the legend, as the wife of Epimetheus; she remains a mysterious voice, singing in her travail songs of mystic meaning, whose bearing upon the action is poignantly vague. Stung at last beyond endurance by the wretchedness of the human pair, Prometheus declares his purpose of bringing light from Heaven, and departs amid the gray complaints of Deukalion and Pyrrha's words of faltering hope. An episode intervenes, introducing Epimetheus, the antitype and foil of the Promethean spirit of daring will. Suddenly Pyrrha rises, crying:

"He comes, he comes. Nay, look how fast the light
Rolls gaining on the dark, and urges back
The windy boulders of obscurity.
His step! I hear him, I see him.—Prometheus!
PROMETHEUS *(shouting from afar)*. This torch will light our lives.
Rejoice! Up, up!
I say we have the sunlight back again."

Prometheus rushes in, and kindles the great pile of fuel which they bring. Then follows a majestic passage in which the Titan relates his climb up the darkling slopes of Olympus, his wresting the sacred torch from the golden sconce at the portal of Zeus's dwelling, where it hung

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"firm barred across
And bolted 'gainst the fearful universe,
While inside cried aloud perennial choirs
To a single note so puissant and superb
It seemed an ocean singing to the sun."

He urges them to take up their lives in gladness and hope. Pyrrha timidly responds, trying by faith to rise to the level of his heroic mind; but Deukalion sees in the new life which has been given them only a further necessity of endurance and barren toil. Meanwhile, darkness falls again over the scene, and from the midst of the thunder-cloud sound the Voices of Zeus (the Βία and Κράτη of Æschylus) calling Prometheus to punishment. As he is seized and dragged away, he utters words of indignant pride and triumphant self-vindication:

"I say, whate'er's achieved, once and for all
Stands in defiance, and we at Nature's heart
Register signs of our nobility.
. . . . . .
'Twas with me for a while as with the sun
Upon the ocean: writing out in gold
The moving characters of highest day,
Which to dull creatures of the deep appeared
Fantastic and divine and possible."

The play ends with the patient words of Pyrrha to her husband, as a great sunset fills the scene:

"Come, sleep,
Deukalion, for to-morrow brings again
The sun he gave us, and the hope—the life,"

and with the mysterious voice of Pandora, singing to herself and of herself within the house:

"As an immortal nightingale
I sing behind the summer sky,
Thro' leaves of starlight gold and pale
That shiver with my melody.
. . . . . .
"My dew is everywhere
Where things are;
I fall and flutter and fare,
Leaving a star
By the roads of earth, in the far
Paths of the air.

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"Nothing is less with me,
Nothing is lost.
For I smile on the earth and sea,
On the infinite host
Of the dead and the living, and most
On the yet-to-be."

The source of the "Prometheus Pyrphoros" lies chiefly in Hesiod, and there clings to it something of the gray disheartenment of the "Works and Days." The heroic deed of the Titan brings with it no joy, rather at best only the courage to live and to Deukalion not so much, merely the hard necessity. The triumph lies in the deed itself and in the magnanimity which achieved it. It is very characteristic of Stickney's line of thought that he should have given this turn to the great story. Throughout his life, in spite of its fortunate outward circumstances and real happiness, there weighed upon him a nameless oppression, a sense of the futility of the worldly outcome, a shadow of pain and bitterness upon all the fair face of things. But his manner of confronting this tragedy which he saw implicit in the texture of life changed its quality both for himself and for those who knew him. The important thing was seen to be, not the nature of our destiny, but the manner in which it is met. In the human battle it was enough for him that the spear should be "sometimes well grasped, though shattered in the fight," and that there should stand forth on the lost field the "Niké, proud tho' broken-winged," of an unconquerable mind. His was essentially the stoic view, but a stoicism heroic and infinitely tender, pregnant with the sweetness and strength of life. And in the last years of his existence he was coming, as I have said, into a new spiritual zone, which would have brought forth who shall say what celestial fruits.

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY.

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AN UNEXPECTED FRENCH WAR-CRY AGAINST GERMANY.

BY KARL BLIND.

I.

It was with sincere regret that I read recently, in a London magazine, a strange article from the pen of my friend, M. Yves Guyot, a former French Cabinet Minister, on "Pan-Germanism, Holland and Belgium." I conscientiously believe that this article is calculated—if its hints and suggestions were acted upon—to injure both the French Republic and the Liberal and Democratic cause in England. For it fans, under an apparent introductory show of quiet matter-of-fact disquisition, that flame of unjust hostility against Germany, the constant feeding of which flame is already attended to more than enough by the most illiberal and intriguing "Jingoes."

I can speak on that subject all the more openly because, since 1849, I have given sufficient proofs of my hearty interest in the French Republican cause by numerous writings in German, English, French and Italian. I have been connected by intimate friendship with not a few of the most eminent Republican leaders, such as Ledru-Rollin, Louis Blanc. I have exerted myself in exile, though unfortunately in vain, to bring the leaders of the various groups, so bitterly opposed to each other, together for the sake of common cooperation. Through good report and evil report I have stood by them, albeit privately I had sometimes to warn several of them against aggressive designs which they harbored against our Rhinelands, before 1870. I warned them —yet scarcely any of them would believe it—that in case of a hostile encounter France would suffer one of the most awful defeats. When, in November, 1870, my old friend Wolfrid de Fourielle, who, like Louis Blanc, had honorably exerted him-

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self against a declaration of war, came over to my house for the purpose of enlisting, after all, active English sympathies for his country, I told him and Dr. Congreve—the late Positivist leader, who accompanied him—that "the best thing he could do would be to go straightway back to France and to work for the speediest possible conclusion of peace. Otherwise, the longer the war lasted, the more severe would the conditions of peace naturally be."

This, I merely refer to, so as to clear away any misinterpretation of what I have to say now.

II.

First of all, then, it is necessary to bring to mind that the author of "Pan-Germanism, Holland and Belgium," who alleges that Germany is bent upon the conquest and annexation of the Netherlands, and who calls upon England, in alliance with France, to protect those small States against their powerful neighbor, had a blameworthy part in that very matter. The fact is, he himself took the side of the aggressor in a recent war against two very small States—and those States, free Commonwealths. Their names were, the South-African Republic and the Orange Free State. They are inhabited by a Dutch-speaking people, kindred, by race and language, to the Hollanders and to the Flemings of Belgium, which latter form nearly two-thirds of that little kingdom; the French-speaking Walloons being a minority. The Hollanders and the Flemings are practically of the same tongue.

Surely, if ever there was a case for a Republican to side with endangered small States, for which the people of Holland and Belgium felt the deepest concern on racial grounds, that case was clearly given in South Africa. M. Yves Guyot must have known that, by the London Treaty of 1884, that English "suzerainty" which had been established over the Transvaal after a previous forcible annexation under the Tory Government of Disraeli, had been literally and formally abolished. I have shown years ago that Lord Derby himself, the Colonial Secretary in 1884, positively conceded that abolition. With his own hand he struck out all references to suzerainty in the old treaty and assented to a wholly new one. Mr. Chamberlain, as late as 1896, when a Cabinet Minister in a Conservative Government,

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avowed publicly in the House of Commons—as had done Liberal Ministers before him—that the British Crown had by treaty no right whatever to interfere in the home affairs of the South-African Republic. If President Krüger, he declared, thought there was danger to his country in giving the suffrage to the alien immigrants, he was perfectly entitled to withhold it.

It is true, Mr. Chamberlain afterwards suddenly veered round. Three months before the citizens of the South-African Republic took measures of precaution against the continually increasing number of English troops that were landed, Mr. Chamberlain formally threatened President Krüger with the application of "*force*" if the demand for the suffrage were not complied with now. That was an ultimatum. The Boers then tried to forestall the danger.

Europe, from one end to the other, sympathized with the victims of aggression. In Republican France there was unanimity in favor of the two small Republican States of South Africa. In the United States the same feeling prevailed. Every one following the course of affairs was astounded to see M. Yves Guyot taking sides the other way. Nobody knew how to explain it. From that day his influence waned perceptibly, and finally the direction of the paper he had edited slipped from his hands.

III.

In the article before me, M. Yves Guyot, though knowing how bitterly Dutchmen and Belgians felt, and still feel, towards England on account of the sanguinary events mentioned, still reproves the people of those small States for the feelings they had shown towards their kinsmen in South Africa. He bids them look to England and France as their protectors. Even the fact of Liberal English statesmen, now at the head of Government, having stigmatized that war as a "frivolous, unjust one," carried on by "methods of barbarism," and denounced the Concentration Camps—which were imitated from those established by a cruel Spanish General in Cuba, and which cost 20,000 of innocent lives—has not, strange to say, made the French writer reflect. In this, I am glad to say, he is totally at issue with the Republican party of his own country.

As to the alleged danger to the Low Countries from Germany, he arrives at that conclusion by a very complicated and rather

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artificial way of reasoning. He grants that German commerce has sought an outlet at Antwerp without any ulterior annexationist object. Its extension to that port, he says, was quite in the natural course of trade. But then he paints the advantages of real conquest in such seductive colors that he assumes it would be a wonder if annexation did not follow.

This, I think, is rather a perilous procedure on his part. Might not some of those who are unjustly, but persistently, charged with conquering designs, say to themselves at last: "Why, if things are described as so tempting and so profitable, and if we are always to suffer from such unfounded suspicion, would it not be better to do the deed?"

M. Yves Guyot also says—and in that I agree with him—that "the death of the Emperor Francis Joseph will by no means be the end of the Austrian Empire." But for that very reason he suggests that Germany will seek to satisfy her ambition in another direction, by drawing Holland, and perhaps Belgium, into her zollverein, with a view to a future annexation. All these would-be clever hints and pointed innuendos have the final aim of rousing universal suspicion against Germany and promoting an armed alliance against her.

Now, the mass of the German nation intends as little to injure the independence of Holland and Belgium as that of Switzerland. These countries were once part of the old German Empire; but there is no wish to force them back under the new Empire, whose basis was laid by that "fratricidal war"—as Prince Bismarck himself called it some years after 1866—through which nearly a quarter of the population and the beautiful, strategically important territory, were ejected, which formerly belonged to the Empire and to the subsequent German Confederation. There is no prospect of recovering even these old German provinces of ours under present circumstances. It could only be done by a new war, and this nobody in Germany wishes for; or by a revolution in Austria, which is now far from being likely.

Yet, if such reunion were ever possible, who would have a right to oppose it? Had France lost her Provençal departments near the Mediterranean, or the Bretagne, where the people speak a Celtic, non-French, language, or a Basque territory near the Pyrenees, through a "fratricidal war"; or, if Britain had lost Wales or Scotland or even Ireland, in a similar manner—who

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would be entitled to object to a reunion, if France or England were bent upon it?

IV.

Now, how does France stand with regard to Belgium and Holland? Would it not be better to lay on her the brush with which Germany is wrongly tarred?

It is a historical fact that, under Royal, Republican and Imperial Governments in France, repeated attempts of conquest were made in that northern direction. France possesses to this day a strip of territory near the Belgian frontier, where Low-German—that is, Flemish—is spoken. Under Napoleon I, the Netherlands were overrun and put under a brother of his as a satrap. At the same time, the so-called "Rhine League," established by the Corsican despot, was extended as far as Lübeck, on the Baltic, and Saxony, near the Russian frontier! Yet, the name of Napoleon was, in later years, one to charm with—even among a certain section of French Democracy.

I have myself seen enough of that still in my earlier days. I have found Louis Bonaparte attacked as "*le petit,*" in suggestive distinction from "*le grand.*" I have heard Félix Pyat, as an exile, yet glorying in the fact of Napoleon I having "*fait briller l'épée de la France à travers l'Europe.*" Afterwards, no doubt, Pyat changed considerably. I have read laudatory words about Napoleon I in Victor Hugo's "Napoléon le petit." When the war of 1870 began, one of Hugo's sons wrote that "The Prussians will be sent across the Rhine, *avec un coup de pied dans le derrière.*" Years after that war, the aged, distinguished poet, who as the descendant of a patriotic German Lorrainer, had once confessed that he himself had Gothic (Teutonic) blood in his veins, still declared that, before the Golden Age of Peace can be introduced, there must be a last war in which Mayence, Treves, Cologne and Aix — purely German towns! — must be annexed to France.

I remember that in 1848, soon after the establishment of the Republic, an attempt at an invasion of Belgium was made by a French free-corps. The statement at the time was that Ledru-Rollin, my old friend, as a member of the Provisional Government, was not unconnected, by way of furnishing means from secret funds, with that venture. It was done somewhat in the Dr. Jameson style, and it failed most miserably, like the

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one in South Africa. And are we to forget the draft of the Benedetti Treaty, submitted by Napoleon III to the Prussian Government, in which the annexation of Belgium to France was proposed?

I have had a curious personal experience, in that respect, with an eminent French statesman and famed member of the Academy, M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, once Minister of Foreign Affairs under the Third Republic. When in office, he was often accused of being subservient to the Berlin Government. He was, now and then, even called "*Prussien.*" Well, what did he say to an interviewer as late as 1891, and afterwards in letters to me?

He declared that France had a natural right to have her frontiers on the Atlantic, on the Pyrenees, on the Mediterranean, and along the course of the Rhine. Having doubted the correctness of the report given in the "Times," I wrote to him. He confirmed its correctness. Then I pointed out to him that in this way he claimed for France the greater part of Switzerland, all German territory on the left bank of the Rhine, *the whole of Belgium, and a portion of Holland.*

After this, that moderate politician and philosopher still declared that these were his views and aims. This curious correspondence is in my possession.

Might, then, Belgians and Dutchmen not be inclined to say, as regards a combined French and English protectorate of their independence: "*Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis*"? Might they not even fear that the final issue of such a Protectorate would perhaps be a French annexation of Belgium and an English "suzerainty" of the well-known kind over Holland?

Often enough I have heard Frenchmen say, in the style of Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, that Belgium naturally belongs to their country. Many of them, either from ignorance or from design, asserted that its population was mainly French. Flemish they called "a mere patois." Yet it is the language of the majority of the Belgians, and its literature stands side by side with Dutch.

Considering all the facts I have thus rapidly indicated, I think the Belgians are entitled to look rather southward for a possible danger.

Yet M. Yves Guyot says: "It is from Germany that Belgium has everything to fear."

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V.

"A burnt child fears the fire." The Dutch have seen what a claim of "suzerain" protectorship leads to, even when it has been apparently abandoned in a new treaty. In the case of the Transvaal Republic that claim was revived from the ashes of the old treaty, out of a paragraph inserted in the new treaty of 1884, concerning treaties to be concluded between the Republic and foreign Powers. I warned President Krüger at the time about this danger, as I stated years ago in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. He would not believe in the danger. He thought his country, wishing to live a secluded life, had even no occasion to enter into any treaty of importance with foreign Powers. Hence the possibility of complications arising from that paragraph was not to be foreseen at all. Having achieved the abolition of the suzerainty, he was satisfied with the result of his negotiations in London. This was before the discovery of the large gold-fields.

Half an hour before the final signature of the new treaty in Downing Street, I repeated my warning, even after the English and Dutch text had been handed to me in print at President Krüger's hotel. All was in vain. It was too late. When the Transvaal deputation left London, they sent me a highly honoring letter, in which it was said that they intrusted to me the care of the interests of the South-African Republic in England.

Not many years afterwards, my previsions turned out to have been only too correct. A perfect campaign of misrepresentation as regards the continued existence of "suzerainty" was organized in the English press. And though I proved ever so often the falsehood of the assertion, public opinion was systematically misled. The rest is well known.

In his eager desire to show up Germany, which has kept the peace for thirty-five years, as the great danger to European security, M. Yves Guyot does not hesitate to refer to a proposal made by Napoleon III in 1863, for the convocation of a Congress which was to discuss a general disarmament. He mentions a further sinister proposal of the French Emperor, made in January, 1870, six months before the war broke out. In that latter case, Queen Victoria, M. Guyot writes, was to hand the project of Napoleon over to William I of Prussia.

M. Yves Guyot has not a single word to say about the trust-

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worthiness and character of the Man of December, who murdered the Roman Republic; who then murdered the French Republic which he had sworn to maintain, adding on his own behalf that he "would consider as his personal enemy any one daring to attack that Republic"; who some years later made a war for the alleged establishment of Italian independence, which ended in the annexation of Nice (Garabaldi's birthplace) and Savoy; who, again, tried to murder the Mexican Republic, and, being foiled there, declared, as a last means of upholding his dynasty, war against Prussia, with the object of conquering the German Rhinelands.

For a French Republican it is somewhat strange to quote this criminal usurper as a true friend of peace. I may here mention, on the authority of Ledru-Rollin, who had timely information from a relative of his, a military officer of high rank, that Napoleon III already intended to make war against Prussia in 1868, on account of Luxemburg which he wanted to annex. In a State Council presided over by him, war was indeed formally resolved upon. Next day, the several Ministers were to call upon him for receiving further instructions. Over night, however, being already much stricken with the well-known sickness, his courage vanished. When the Ministers came, they were told that the matter was put off for the nonce. It was then that Marshal Niel indignantly exclaimed: "*Cet homme nous déshonore!*"

Truly, something better might be done than to quote the perjured perpetrator of the State stroke of 1851, as an advocate of peace and disarmament.

VI.

Those who aim at a freer intercourse between nations will read with astonishment a passage in Yves Guyot's article, which runs thus:

"The Belgians and the Dutch have already consented to a form of union which, according to the 'Almanach de Gotha,' takes the title of 'Union of the Administrations of German Railways': of which Union the railways of Germany, of the Netherlands and one Belgian railway, form part. I believe this Germanophile passion has calmed down; but in those last years we have witnessed singular aberrations on the part of the Dutch and the Belgians."

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This, from a zealous champion of free trade, as M. Yves Guyot is, can scarcely be understood. What more natural thing could there be than that the Low Countries, of which Germany is commercially the "hinterland," should consent to a Railway Union? What "passion" is there to be denounced? Would he make a similar objection if it were a case of Railway Union between Belgium and France?

As to the "aberrations of the Dutch and the Belgians," the French statesman describes their sympathies with the South-African Republics as mental vagaries! This, now, is not a very effective means of enticing the people of the Netherlands into the Anglo-French fold. At most, it could have the result of turning Jingoes against the Dutch and the Belgians by way of revenge for the very natural leanings they had shown.

M. Yves Guyot objects also to the German fleet. He roundly asserts that "William II wants to have a fleet capable of struggling against the navy of England." Now here a few facts may be useful.

In the Middle Ages, the German Hansa was the great maritime power of the North; but it was a civic institution of free towns, utterly neglected by our Emperors. In the last century, previous to our Revolution of 1848-49, all our best Liberals and Democrats, and our patriotic poets like Herwegh and Freiligrath, considering, as they did, the difficult geographical position of Germany, which makes her so liable to attack from several land sides as well as from the sea, unanimously demanded the establishment of a German fleet. I joined in the demand at the time. By the National Assembly at Frankfort a beginning was made. Our worthless Princes, after having drowned in blood the popular movement for freedom and unity, sold that small navy by auction.

After 1870, when we had been in danger of having our coast-towns on the German Ocean and on the Baltic bombarded and put under tribute by the French fleet, which might have landed also troops, the call for a German fleet was renewed. William I was too much of a military martinet, Bismarck yet too deeply imbued with his early "Junker" training, to join heartily in that necessary movement.

William II, about whose home policy I scarcely need to say what I think, at last acted upon that call. Yet, in spite of every

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effort, the German navy still ranks only as the fifth in strength. The French fleet surpasses it both in ships and men. Russia, before the war with Japan, also was ahead of us. Now, France and Russia are in alliance. Germany lies between them. What wonder that Germany endeavors to have a navy capable of defending her coasts, securing her necessary import of food in case of war, and protecting her growing over-sea trade? That trade is larger than the trade of France.

Compared with the English fleet, that of Germany is still enormously overmatched. England has a four-times larger navy. Her crews are about 130,000 men. Those of Germany, 32,000. Yet a Civil Lord of the English Admiralty, Mr. Arthur Lee, did not scruple to say before his constituents that, some day, a certain fleet in the North Sea might be smashed before the Power owning it had any notice of a proclamation of war. That piratically minded man was not removed from office, not even censured by his superiors. What if a similar threat had been held out by a member of the German Ministry of Marine against either England or France?

The French fleet, too, is larger than that of Germany. Has any one ever heard of a suggestion made in England that France should be called upon to restrict her naval armaments? Yet France and England have been at war for ever so many centuries. Nay, there has been danger of war again between them about the Fashoda question. And France, with an army equal in numbers to the German one, is quite close to England, while Germany is very far. And Germany and England have never crossed swords; France and England ever so often.

Of all this there is nothing whatever in M. Yves Guyot's article. On the contrary, he asserts that "the cordial understanding between England and France is founded exactly on the same reasons as those which *induced England to combat Napoleon I.*" Is that really so? A number of Englishmen might perhaps wish to know the details of such an alliance, defensive and offensive.

"The whole world," according to the French writer, "is endangered by a State in Europe, whose ambition has no limits, and whose Sovereign can dispose, at his pleasure, of peace or war in the world." Does M. Yves Guyot forget that this is also a privilege of the British Crown? And is he not aware of the

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recent declaration of even the most moderate German journals, that, in spite of its restricted parliamentary rights, no Reichstag would ever be found to grant the necessary supplies for a frivolous war? The Paris Legislative Body, even the Opposition, after a short show of criticism, did, in the main, grant the supplies for the war against Germany. Does M. Yves Guyot believe that Germans, being all liable to serve, would be easily dragged into a frivolous war at a monarch's caprice? And does he forget that an English army, composed exclusively of men enlisting of their own free will, is always ready, at superior command, to strike a sudden blow?

In his concluding words, M. Yves Guyot says that "France and England represent a combined formidable strategic Power; and that, if in Germany there is a thought of landings in England, one can also foresee *landings of allied armies in Germany,* having, as a basis of operations, means of transport the efficiency of which was shown in the war in South Africa. All civilized nations have the same interests as France and England — a single one excepted."

Now, what language is this? I think I may safely say that the best French Republicans cannot approve of it. It calls for an aggressive militarism that would soon deliver the Republic—which is the result of defeats on the battle-field, and which has since been so often threatened by men like Marshal MacMahon and General Boulanger—into the hands of its most insidious enemies. As a sincere well-wisher of that Republic, and as one who would be the first to denounce a threatening invasion of England, if that imaginary peril were ever to come from a German Emperor, I deeply regret the extraordinary article of M. Yves Guyot. No; English Liberals will not allow themselves to be thus dragged into war by the setting up of an artificial Napoleonic bogey. They have had quite enough of the war against the Boers, which he so zealously advocated. Or is it to arch-Tory Jingoes he addresses himself?

Perhaps his essay is fortunately published, not in English, but in French. That diminishes its pernicious influence. For, remarkable to say, in spite of the *entente cordiale,* few Englishmen are able to converse in, or to understand, French.

KARL BLIND.

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OUR INDUSTRIAL JUGGERNAUT.

BY DR. JOSIAH STRONG, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF SOCIAL SERVICE.

A DISTINGUISHED statesman, with whom the writer was not long since discussing the subject of industrial accidents, remarked, "This is a matter of which I have been profoundly ignorant." The remark is eminently applicable to the general public in the United States.

There is every summer more or less newspaper thunder created by the annual report of the Interstate Commerce Commission touching railway accidents, and railway officials attract the lightning of public indignation; but the public is not aware that railway accidents are only a small proportion of the casualties which take place in the industrial world.

Accidents in the manufacturing and building industries are much more numerous than railway casualties, but they appeal to the public much less, partly because we have no exact information concerning them, and partly because only one class of people is exposed to a given class of industrial accidents. The general public is not in the slightest danger of falling from the steel frame of a sky-scraper, nor of being ripped up by a buzz-saw, nor of being mangled by a mine explosion. All such accidents seem far removed and only half real to those who are quite safe from them. But every one travels more or less, so that accident by rail is a possibility that concerns all.

It is important to gain some idea of the great numbers who are annually sacrificed by accidents in our American industries. As compared with European Governments, our State Legislatures have generally been strangely indifferent to the whole subject. The laws of only eleven of our States require the reporting of accidents in factories; and a careful examination reveals but a

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single State whose laws require the reporting of accidents in all industries. There exist, however, some data from which rough estimates may be made.

There were in France, during the year 1904, no less than 212,755 industrial accidents, not including those in mines and on railways. When we consider that we are much more careless of life and limb than the French, and that our population is more than twice as large as that of France, there can be little doubt that in a single year we have at least 425,000 industrial accidents, not including railway and mining casualties. Fortunately, concerning these two industries we have some definite information; and, adding to the above figures our railway accidents in 1904, *viz.*, 94,201, together with 5,100 casualties in our coal-mines (not including other mines), we get a total of some 525,000 industrial accidents in the United States in a single year as the probable minimum number.

Entirely different data give much the same results. The records of one of the great casualty companies of this country show that, under policies issued on a wage expenditure of $1,905,515,398 as a basis, there were reported 185,088 accidents. This insurance was placed on workmen engaged in what the census designates as "manufacturing and mechanical pursuits." Assuming $500 to be the average annual earnings of such workmen, many of whom are highly skilled, the above-mentioned wage expenditure represents the employment of 3,811,030 persons for one year, which indicates that in such industries one person in 20.59 is injured annually, or 48.56 out of every thousand. At this rate, the 7,085,992 persons engaged in these industries in 1900 suffered 344,096 accidents. There were that year about 22,000,000 persons in the United States who were engaged in gainful occupations other than manufacturing and mechanical. We do not know how many accidents occur in these industries, except railroading; but, assuming that on the average they are only one-fifth as dangerous as the manufacturing and mechanical pursuits, they furnished in 1900, 220,000 casualties, which would make a total of 564,000 industrial accidents that census year.

Again, take still other data. A Wisconsin law, enacted in 1905, requires physicians to report every accident which incapacitates its victim for a period of at least two weeks. The first year under the new law has not yet expired, but the writer

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is informed that the returns up to date indicate that the twelve months' record will show from 15,000 to 20,000 accidents.

Wisconsin, with its diversified industries of farming, manufacturing, mining, lumbering and building, may be considered fairly representative of the whole country. If, then, there are 15,000 accidents in that State in a single year, at the same rate there would be in the United States no less than 542,000.

It seems, therefore, reasonable to conclude that the minimum number of industrial accidents in this country, in a year, must be considerably above 500,000.

When in all history have two great armies been able to inflict on each other a total of half a million casualties in a single year? This is fifty per cent. more than all the killed and wounded in the late war between Japan and Russia.

There are more casualties on our railways in a single year than there were on both sides of the Boer war in three years.

Last year, on our railways, we killed as many every thirty-seven days and wounded as many every twelve days as all our killed and wounded in the 2,561 engagements of the Philippine war. Or, in other words, there were twenty-four times as many casualties on our railways in one year as our army suffered in the Philippine war in three years and three months. At that rate, we might have continued the war for seventy-eight years before equalling the record of our railways in a twelvemonth. And we must not forget that less than one-fifth of the losses of our industrial army are suffered on our railways. That is to say, we might carry on a half-dozen Philippine wars for three-quarters of a century with no larger number of total casualties than take place yearly in our peaceful industries.

Taking the lowest of our three estimates of industrial accidents, the total number of casualties suffered by our industrial army in one year is equal to the average annual casualties of our Civil War, plus those of the Philippine war, plus those of the Russian and Japanese war.

*Think of our carrying on three such wars, at the same time, world without end!**

* It will be observed that our comparisons are between the *total number* of casualties in our industries and in various wars, without reference to the proportion of fatal and non-fatal casualties. The pro-

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We are waging a perpetual war on humanity, and one which is apparently growing bloodier from year to year.

With the establishment of the Hague Tribunal and the negotiation of treaties of arbitration we may confidently hope that the frequency of wars will diminish; but with the increasing use of machinery industrial accidents will naturally multiply unless vigorous preventive measures are adopted.

In the absence of any exact knowledge of other departments of industry, let us turn again to the railways. Of course passenger traffic increases with the growth of population and of business; and it is not strange that an increase of accidents should accompany the increase of travel and the extension of our railway system. But the danger of travelling by rail is increasing more rapidly than passenger traffic. The following tables were prepared from the recently issued report of the Interstate Commerce Commission for 1905:

	Number of passengers carried for one killed	*Number of passengers carried for one injured*
1905	1,375,856	70,655
1904	1,622,267	78,523
1895	2,984,832	213,651

These figures show that for a given number of passengers carried there were twice as many killed and three times as many injured in 1905 as there were ten years before. But the more accurate comparison is between the number of passenger-miles travelled in different years; for, other things being equal, a journey of a thousand miles involves ten times as much risk as a journey of only one hundred miles. In the following table, the peril of railway travel in different years is seen to vary inversely as the number of passenger-miles accomplished for one passenger killed or injured.

portion of killed to wounded in our industrial accidents is unknown, but, judging from railway statistics, there is reason to believe that it is considerably smaller than in the casualties of war. If, however, we include the fatalities which befall the general public and which are not classified as industrial, the total number of violent deaths in the United States in one year is undoubtedly in excess of the total number killed in a single average year of the three wars referred to above.

Of course the losses of war include many deaths from sickness. These are not considered, because we have no means of estimating the number of corresponding deaths in our industrial army caused by disease-producing occupations.

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	Passenger-miles accomplished for one passenger killed	*Passenger-miles accomplished for one passenger injured*
1905	44,320,576	2,276,002
1904	49,712,502	2,406,236
1895	71,693,743	5,131,977

	Percentage of increased peril to passenger's life	*Percentage of increased peril to passenger's limb*
In one year	12.16	5.72
In ten years	61.76	125.52

The above tables show that the chances of fatal accident to the traveller increased about sixty-one per cent. in ten years, and that the chances of non-fatal accident considerably more than doubled during the same period.

Our pioneer forefathers faced the perils of savage beasts and savage men, and gradually overcame them; but modern civilization is beset with multiplying perils of our own making. We are demanding ever-increasing speed of travel; we are inventing more powerful explosives; we are making new applications of electricity; we are building high and higher structures; we are supplanting the simple hand-tools of other generations by swift and powerful machinery; and the proportion of those engaged in mechanical industries is increasing, and must necessarily continue to increase.

Surely, our modern, industrial civilization resembles a Frankenstein. And unless something is done to check the monster it is creating, he will grow ever more murderous.

Europe is far in advance of America in protecting workmen from needless accidents both by legislation and by safety appliances. The Association of French Industrialists for the Prevention of Accidents, by reason of its varied and beneficent activities, was declared to be of "public utility" as long ago as 1887. There was a General Exposition of Accident Prevention in Germany in 1889. Immediately after its close, there was organized in Vienna a Museum of Security and of Industrial Hygiene. There are now half a dozen such museums in Europe, one having been organized in Paris last December, and formally opened by the President of the Republic. Even backward Russia shames us by her Museum of Security at Moscow. Austria has had a score of expositions of safety appliances for the education of the people. Governments and public-spirited citizens have

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vied with each other in providing funds for such institutions. Here the greatest of all industrial peoples has attempted little by legislation and nothing by organized effort.

In view of these facts, it is not strange that in the same industries (railroading and mining), of a given number of men employed we kill and injure from two to nine times as many as they do in Europe.

Nor are we to suppose that they have reduced accidents to a minimum. An investigation of 15,970 accidents in Germany showed that fifty-three per cent. of them were avoidable.

If, among a given number of employees, we have more than twice as many accidents as Germany, and if more than half of Germany's accidents are avoidable, it would seem probable that more than three-quarters of ours are avoidable.

If only two-thirds of our industrial accidents are unnecessary, then our industrial army suffers every year as many *needless* casualties as the total number inflicted on each other by the Russian and Japanese armies in the late war.

The whole world was interested in stopping that bloodshed; and we were proud of the part our President played as international peacemaker. But the public is apathetic touching this perpetual war on humanity, although this blood-letting is on our own soil instead of Asia's.

Soldiers suffer because they are professional destroyers; but the members of this great industrial army who are struck down every year in this country suffer because they are *producers.* This is the price they pay for serving the public and promoting civilization.

Japan does not begrudge the cost of the late war. The sacrifices of our civil conflict were not wasted. There was a revelation of heroic daring that forced brave men on both sides to respect each other. The curse of slavery was forever removed, and the perfect union of North and South was made possible. The price was great, but not too great for the purchase of a free and united country; and that price was paid once for all.

But what outcome of good has industrial slaughter? It adds no names to the roll of heroes. It bequeaths to future generations no traditions which quicken the blood and kindle patriotic zeal. It is not a sacrifice for country which ennobles those who make it, and transforms death into a ministry to larger life.

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This industrial slaughter is utter, utter waste—wasted resources, wasted anguish, wasted life. And although the greater part of this sacrifice is as needless as it is useless, it goes wearily on year after year. The price of our selfish indifference is never paid.

How shall we account for this stolid indifference? This destruction of life and limb does not take place in a corner. Doubtless many accidents occur which are never reported, but every day the papers repeat the sickening story; and this, perhaps, is the very reason why the facts fail to impress us. We become hardened by the endless repetition. If by some miracle of prudence or of Providence all accidents of every sort could be prevented for a year, and if, then, a half-million should occur in a single day, the shock would arouse the nation and something would be done. But the dead are quite as dead, the bereaved are quite as desolate and the maimed are quite as mutilated and helpless when these casualties are distributed through every day of the year as if, like the losses of a great battle, they had been crowded into a single day.

It is well to end the barbarities of war. Is it not time to place some limit to the barbarities of peace?

To this end the American Institute of Social Service is to hold an exposition of Safety Devices at the American Museum of Natural History, in New York, January 28th to February 9th, 1907. The Hon. Grover Cleveland has accepted the First Vice-Presidency. The active cooperation of European Museums of Security has been secured; and the interest manifested by American manufacturers is a pledge of its success.

JOSIAH STRONG.

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THE FUTURE IN CUBA.

BY WILLIAM INGLIS.

DURING the late revolution, a period of nearly two months, I was the correspondent in Cuba for "Harper's Weekly." Therefore it was my business, not only to see and hear everything possible about the acts of war, but to discover, as far as a stranger could, the causes that led to the war, the temperament of the Cuban people and their power of self-government; as well as their foibles, prejudices and weaknesses that tended to impair the power of self-government.

We Americans have suffered more, perhaps, than any other nation under the hasty pronouncements of foreigners who have darted through our country in a few weeks and run home to write about us. Therefore an American must feel all the more reluctant to utter a sudden judgment on so vital a subject as the capacity of a people to administer their own affairs. Nevertheless, some facts stand out so clearly that no visitor to Cuba can miss them. By considering these facts any one can form his own opinion as to whether the Cubans shall ever be independent, or whether the Government of the United States, under the obligations of the treaty of Paris and the Platt amendment, will be compelled to remain indefinitely in the island as guarantor of good order and guardian of the peace.

We may dismiss at the outset the yearning for perpetual American supervision expressed by every substantial property-owner in Cuba, whether he be Cuban, Spaniard, Briton, American or German. For it would be folly to give undue preference to mere property rights as against the rights of citizens, especially such citizens as those of Cuba who freely gave their lives and their fortunes to establish the young Republic. Yet, as I look back over a most interesting sojourn in the island, the

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thing that remains most prominent in memory is the remark of a Cuban sugar-planter who fought for independence in the Four Years' War.

"When the American flag was hauled down in 1902," he said to me, "I was sorry to see it go, and I asked myself how long must it be before the Americans come back and save the Cubans from themselves. For, you know, our Cuban Constitution is founded upon Spanish ideas, experience, prejudice—all of which are hostile to the very existence of a republic. There is not to-day in this country the public opinion upon which a republic must rest."

While it is true that the recent revolution was an armed protest against the frauds and violence practised by the Moderate party in the elections of 1905, yet it is equally true that the hope of holding public office, of living on public money, was what attracted thousands of Liberals to the field. When Secretary Taft proved that the Moderates had kept themselves in power by force of arms, the Government officials made no denial.

"We did it for the good of the country," they declared, "and if the Liberals had been in power they would have done the same thing."

How much truth there was in this plea any one who has lived in Cuba can tell. It is manifestly absurd to accuse all the members of any political party of corruption; yet there is no doubt that, wherever Moderates were in power, they ruthlessly crushed the Liberals, and, wherever the Liberals were in control, the Moderates were cynically swept aside. We have not been without experience of this sort of thing in the United States. But our defeated parties do not fly to arms by way of protest against fraud. The Cubans do. President Palma spoke bitter truth when he said in the midst of the late war: "Cuba was left an orphan too soon. The United States should have remained here twenty years longer."

The revolution was so successful that it would be easy to begin another on the slightest pretext. In the recent disarmament none of the good arms were surrendered. Those who know most about the situation say that at least forty thousand excellent modern rifles and countless cartridges are still hidden away, ready for use in the next revolution.

"I know that not one good gun was surrendered in this

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province," an American friend writes me from Pinar del Rio, "and that we shall have another row as soon as Uncle Sam leaves Cuba. When it begins, be sure to drop in and see me."

It is certain that three-fourths of the fighting-men in the late war were negroes of varying shades of color. They are all hungry for office. They do not like to work. They want "fat jobs," full of honor, with few duties and high pay. They cannot understand why the fruits of victory have not already been handed to them. They feel that every Moderate should be turned out of office, and that they, the true patriots who saved the country by yelling "*Viva*" and firing rifle-shots in the air, should be put in their places. They yearn to be Rural Guards, policemen, letter-carriers, government clerks, municipal employees — anything that yields money and requires slight exertion. The action of Governor Magoon in cutting down the number of the employees of Congress to less than one-third of what it was, has greatly alarmed these heroes. It is no exaggeration to predict that, if the American forces are withdrawn any time within the year, a new revolution will be begun very soon.

"We are in danger of becoming another Hayti if left to ourselves," a prominent tobacco-grower said to me recently. "You have noticed among the soldiers in the rebel army many negroes with their front teeth filed down to sharp points like saw-teeth. That is a form of personal decoration in vogue among the black dandies of the Congo. There are in this island many thousands of negroes not one step higher in civilization than those you find in the African jungles. These fellows will take the field with any leader to whom they are attached. They do not ask why they are taking up arms, so long as they are following their chiefs, living on the fat of the land and hoping for a life of ease in office when the so-called 'war' is ended."

From all I have observed in Cuba, I believe the tobacco-grower is right. There happens to be at hand a concrete illustration of his theory. The first man killed in the late revolution was General Quintin Banderas, a black negro about fifty years old. He had been a colonel in the War of Independence, an adept in guerilla warfare and brave to the degree of rashness.

When the Americans withdrew from Cuba in 1902, honest Quintin thought that a grateful country should give him his just due by making him collector of customs at Havana. True,

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he could not read or write, but he thought it would be an easy matter to hire some one to do that for him, while he was enjoying the pay and dignity of office.

When another man was made collector, Quintin decided that he would like to be chief of police of Havana. He had no qualification for that post except his bulldog courage. He did not get the office. Instead, he was made doorkeeper in the Cuban Senate on a small salary. Forthwith, Quintin began to make speeches about the ingratitude of the republic. In cafés, in the streets, wherever he could find a few listeners, he would harangue them about the injustice done to him and the great revenge he would enjoy some day.

He thought the day had come when the late revolt was begun. He gathered a band of negroes in Havana and took to the woods. In the first skirmish he was badly wounded, and on the next day, as Quintin Banderas was lying helpless in a hammock, Rural Guards hacked him to pieces with machetes. The Government had his body paraded in Havana as a warning to all rebels. That had no effect. By thousands the laborers in all parts of the island flocked to the Liberal armies.

One cannot forget that there were also in the rebel armies many men of excellent character and lofty ideals and aims; but there is no doubt that the great majority of the fighters were of this loose, irresponsible and labor-hating type.

The average Cuban leader wants office. He will get it through the ballot if possible. Disappointed at the polls, he turns naturally and easily to armed protest, knowing that he can readily enlist a big force of reckless adventurers. Therefore, it seems to me, the United States, as guarantor of order under the Paris treaty, must remain in charge of the government of Cuba until a new generation shall arise, a Cuban people who believe that ballots, not bullets, shall govern their island.

WILLIAM INGLIS.

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THE MOROCCAN QUESTION AS SEEN FROM MOROCCO.

BY ASAAD KALARJI KARAM.

THE doors of the Conference of Algeciras closed after three months of deliberation and discussion. The delegates there drew up and agreed upon a programme for reforming Morocco in the way which seemed to them most suitable under the circumstances. This programme of reform consists of: (1) The organization of a police force; (2) The establishment of a national bank; and (3) An increase in the customs tariff. And so the Conference came to an end, and the delegates returned to their respective countries. The whole world believed that the conclusions of the delegates as embodied in their programme represented the highest skill and wisdom, and chiefs of states conferred upon them decorations and titles. Thus, the Conference of Algeciras having decided upon the programme of reform, it now remains for the conference of the foreign ministers at Tangier to enforce the articles of the Algeciras programme.

It is to be hoped that the ministers in Tangier will not fail to make a thorough investigation of the causes which have reduced the Government of Morocco to its present condition of lamentable corruption and the people of Morocco to poverty and wretchedness. The causes of these evils once being found, it would not be difficult to find a cure for them. It is such action as this that we expected from the Conference of Algeciras. We hoped that the delegates to that Conference would at least obtain a general knowledge of the Moors and of their social condition, in order to be able to prescribe the medicine of reform. But, alas! none of the delegates ever studied the industries of the country, the conditions surrounding the people or the cause of the rebellions in the interior.

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But the door of the Algeciras Conference has been closed, and there is no hope of its being reopened. What has been done has been done. The only hope now is that the Conference of the ministers, which is soon to take place in Tangier with the object of putting in motion the machinery of reform, will remedy certain things which the Conference of Algeciras has overlooked. Moorish delegates will attend this conference. It is to be hoped that its deliberations will be carried on in a spirit of frankness and good faith towards Morocco, for upon its decisions will depend the welfare or the misery of the Moorish people.

It is worthy of note that, in official communications to foreign Ambassadors, the Moors have always employed the following form: "To the most beloved, the wise, the striver to establish good understanding between the Governments," etc., for to them this was what an Ambassador was supposed to be. Many foreign representatives in Morocco have proved to be so little deserving of these epithets that the Moorish authorities have sometimes been forced to complain to this or that foreign Government without the knowledge of its accredited representative in Tangier. Consequently, we cannot blame the Moors for mistrusting the diplomatic agents of foreign Powers. Foreign Governments have devoted so little attention to Morocco that they remain to this day in dense ignorance of its internal affairs. Europeans and Americans have but a dim and hazy idea of Moroccan geography, and, indeed, many of them are still capable of addressing letters to "Tangier, *Algiers,* Africa."

It was expected by the Moors that foreign Ambassadors and their *attachés* would know the language of Morocco in order to perform properly the duty of promoting good relations between their own and the Moroccan Governments, for it is only a knowledge of the language that would enable them to study the character and the mode of life of the people. Experience has proven that it is only those rare Ambassadors who have possessed a command of Arabic that have succeeded in dealing with the Moors on a satisfactory basis.

The confidence of the Moors in foreigners in general, and in the Ambassadors in particular, has been sadly shaken by repeated outrages upon the people of Morocco. The abuses of the system of "protection" alone are sufficient to explain the distrust of Moors for Europeans. And what is this "protection"?

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In theory, it is meant to secure European merchants in Morocco against losses occasioned by the arbitrary interference of Moorish officials with the native commercial agents, or with other native employees of such merchants. By the treaty of Madrid in 1861, it was stipulated:

(1) That Moorish servants in the employ of Europeans were to be exempted from taxation, and were not to be arrested, or interfered with in any way, by the Moorish officials without the consent of the foreign consul directly interested;

(2) That foreign merchants should be permitted to choose, from among the Moors, certain persons to serve as their commercial agents in the interior. Such agents *(Semsar)* were to be regarded by the Moorish Government as subjects of the country of their foreign employer. Foreign merchants were also to have the privilege of forming partnerships with Moors. The Moors thus taken into partnership were to enjoy the same immunities and privileges as Moorish servants in the employ of foreigners. But the practice under this system is now that any Moor of bad character, who wishes to escape the Moorish authorities, can purchase, for a handsome sum of money, the protection of some foreigner. Such protected Moors often gather about them the worst characters of their neighborhood. To these, in turn, they extend a sort of elastic semi-official protection. In this way, through the action of foreign diplomacy, bands of lawless rascals are formed here and there throughout the country. These men become the terror of their districts. They indulge in all sorts of violence and crime, and set the Moorish authorities at defiance.

It sometimes happens that, after such a *protégé* has amassed a considerable fortune, his Christian protector will, for a good round sum, sell him to the Moorish Governor of his district. The blood-money having been paid down, the foreigner places in the hand of the Governor a written statement to the effect that he withdraws his protection from A or B. The Governor then arrests and throws into prison A or B, together with all his family, friends and followers, and confiscates their property for his own private use. The Moorish Government has often complained of these things to the Powers, but none of the Powers has taken heed or attempted to remedy the abuses of the system.

And now the Powers are setting out to reform Morocco ac-

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cording to the latest civilized methods. The establishing of a police force in Morocco is much desired by the Europeans; but to the Moor himself this innovation is by no means desirable. He does not feel the need of it, nor can he be brought to believe that any good can come of it. As long as the mental attitude of the Moors remains unchanged, it will not be possible to establish a police force in Morocco on the lines laid down by the Conference of Algeciras. And, supposing that a police force is formed, the officers of this force must be foreigners, and foreigners in the Moorish service have never yet been of any real benefit to anything except their own pockets. See what has been accomplished by them in the military service! They have spent more than a quarter of a century instructing the army; and yet, face to face with the rabble forces of Bou Hamara, the conduct of the imperial army reflected anything but credit upon its instructors. Probably the chiefs of the new police force will be of much the same material as the instructors of the army. Moreover, the action of the police is to be limited to certain restricted localities where their protection is hardly needed. What influence can they have upon the people of the interior, who have little or no regard for authority of any sort?

And in regard to the bank. The Moors have not the least comprehension of the workings of a bank, and, moreover, their religion forbids them to deposit their money in one. Moors who have money bank it in the ground. Many of them die without disclosing to any one else their place of deposit. No Moor dares to appear rich for fear of being cast into prison and despoiled by the officials of his Government, or for fear of assassination at the hands of other robbers. The Government has no public works, and the mass of the people have no arts and trades. The bank will find it next to impossible to deal with the Moors.

The increase in the customs tariff which has been agreed upon by the Conference of Algeciras is but another way of robbing the nation, because it is the nation itself that must pay the piper, and the nation cannot sustain any further burden. The Conference should have induced the Moorish Government to revive the arts, increase trade and encourage agriculture, but at the same time to impose a high duty on alcoholic beverages and upon articles which compete with the rare native manufactures.

The Conference of the foreign ministers in Tangier should

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realize that the real reform required in Morocco consists of two things. The first is the reform of the legations. The Ambassadors and their subordinates ought to be, in themselves, examples of justice. But the actions of some of them have redounded to the discredit of all. The Moor is only human, like his Christian brethren. He generally appreciates a good deed and seldom forgets a bad one. At present, he believes that foreigners are his enemies and that they should be treated as such. When the legations are reformed, and the deeds of foreign representatives are more in accord with their words, the Moors will, no doubt, come to trust them and take their advice. We often hear from the Moors that no justice is to be had of foreigners. They say that cases brought before the consuls are invariably decided in favor of the foreigners. In addition to the vexations of litigation before the consuls and the evils arising from the protection of native rascals by foreigners, the Moors suffer from another great abuse—namely, the contraband trade in arms. The Moors themselves say that the legations wink at the smuggling of arms into Morocco by Europeans, and that, when the ignorant and fanatical population of the interior have been supplied with guns and cartridges in abundance, the legations blame the Moorish authorities for the resulting disorders. Sometimes permits are obtained from the legations for passing through the custom-house cases, marked "Mineral Water," etc., of which the real contents are rifles and cartridges. Another method of having arms passed through the custom-house is for the smuggler to buy the complicity of the native soldiers of the legation. In this case, the soldier goes to the custom-house and states that the minister or consul has sent him to claim such and such boxes of goods. The boxes are thus passed unopened, and, once through the custom-house, are taken to the house of the real owner.

The second part of real reform is the application of the Koranic law by competent and honest judges. The Mohammedan Law contains all that is necessary for the good government of the country. The Moor believes in the infallibility of his Law; it is the only thing which he can fall back upon in cases of doubt; he honors it; he respects those charged with its administration; he swears by it. History tells us that the Mohammedans, in the high tide of their conquests, carried their Law with them and enforced it wherever they went, carefully preserving it

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in its integrity. In the history of Morocco we read that several sultans devoted themselves to the study of their Law, and by their personal attendance at the universities encouraged its exposition. But times have changed. Modern rulers of Morocco care little for the Law. Moorish judges respect no law in their decisions, but twist and turn the code to their own private gain. To the mind of a modern judge the cleverest and most convincing argument is a goodly bribe. Litigants are often forced to abandon their cases because they find themselves unable to satisfy the greed of the judges. The following is an example of modern justice: Two adversaries present themselves before the judge. The plaintiff states his case. The defendant (who has already sent to the judge's house a handsome mirror) states *his* case, at the same time casting a significant glance at the judge. The judge is about to decide in favor of the defendant, when the plaintiff (who is not at law for the first time) gives the judge a knowing look and begs that judgment may be deferred until the following day. The request is granted. The following morning, the plaintiff goes personally to the judge's house with a magnificent mule. He finds that the judge has already gone to the court, so he leaves the mule and instructs the servants to inform the judge of the animal's arrival. The plaintiff then goes on his way to the court, where he finds the judge and the defendant. While the adversaries are standing before the judge, a servant of the latter enters, and announces that "The mule has smashed the mirror!" Judgment is at once rendered in favor of the plaintiff.

The most important thing for the Conference of the ministers at Tangier to consider is how to enforce in Morocco a strict application of the Mohammedan Law. If they only inquire into the means by which England has brought about the prosperity of Egypt, they will find that Lord Cromer is a protector of the Mohammedan Law, the strict application of which has shielded the poor Egyptians from the rapacity of the officials and of the upper classes. There is in the hands of every judge in Egypt an epitome of the Koranic Law—"The Book of Justice." This volume could easily be adapted for use in Morocco as a guide to the proper administration of justice. In fine, Morocco is in great need of reform, not on Christian but on Mohammedan lines.

ASAAD KALARJI KARAM.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR, F. TABER COOPER, CLAYTON HAMILTON AND LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

"CHARLES DICKENS: A CRITICAL STUDY."*

READERS of his briefer essays might easily suppose this book to be merely a renewed invitation to watch the sparks fly from Mr. Chesterton's metallic intelligence. It is considerably more than that. At the same time, it is more characteristically frolicsome, less restrained and direct, than the same author's study of Browning. Yet the discussion of Dickens has plainly been a more congenial exercise, because the general view (and it is the general view that Mr. Chesterton has always in mind: he is not addressing students) regards Browning more consistently than it regards Dickens, and is, therefore, less amenable to critical horseplay. The book almost presents itself in the form of a pantomimic dialogue between Mr. Chesterton and the Public—both agreeing at the start that Dickens is "great," but that certain apologies are to be made for him. "But," the Critic challenges his Public with a hearty laugh and a loud bang on the table, "you don't know, after all, why Dickens is great, and the things you apologize for are the wrong things." As the Public opens its eyes and drops its jaw, the merry and muscular critic trips its feet, deftly punches its body, blindfolds it, plays tricks on it from behind. At the end, it is so befuddled that it is willing to concede that Dickens's greatness is of any order Mr. Chesterton suggests. A critic who gives this impression of robust tirelessness has, perhaps, the same advantage as the disputant with the loudest voice in a general discussion. Might prevails.

* "Charles Dickens: A Critical Study." By G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company.

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After this first superficial impression, it is at once discoverable that the book has that paramount essential, a profoundly sympathetic understanding. That is to say, if a more conventional critic had written it, we should probably call it an "appreciation." This is all the more important because the subjects with which Mr. Chesterton is thus fortunately equipped to deal are, it may be inferred from his essays, few. His value as a general touchstone and interpreter is, at most, disputable. But his understanding of Dickens is real enough to be reckoned as a talent. He understands even better than he is always willing to admit, for certain of his apologies are insincere, certain of his extenuations unnecessary. He is literally hampered by his tumultuous impatience with cut-and-dried criticism, with the tribe of "literary" critics; for his reaction results in the most unnecessary emphasis, the most violent generalities. If you see faults in Dickens, it is because there is a mote in your own eye, he maintains—and frequently contradicts himself afterward. "There is plenty to carp at in this man if you are inclined to carp; you may easily find him vulgar if you cannot see that he is divine." He is so jealous of his hero's supremacy that he has not always the heart quite to tell the truth about him.

For the really original contributions that Mr. Chesterton has made to the tremendously interesting subject he has chosen, it is necessary to look beneath the broad divisions of his work. His opening chapter on "The Dickens Period" is a labored and foggy effort to relate Dickens to his age. Such a chapter as that "On the Alleged Optimism of Dickens" is a kind of thicket where you may now and then encounter a savory and pungent bush. There is one considerable section, however, wherein, with highly successful adroitness as well as sound critical sense, the author insists on the folly of criticising Charles Dickens's novels as "unreal." The Dickens world, like the Homeric, is superhuman; its characters live long before the beginning of the story and long beyond the end of it, and the interest and awe that they excite are very different from the start of bored recognition which we give the offensively real little characters about whom people nowadays write short stories. "Dickens did not strictly make a literature" is Mr. Chesterton's penetrating summary; "he made a mythology." "He did not always manage to make his characters men, but he managed at the least to make

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them gods." "Mr. Pickwick," it is delightfully urged, "was a fairy." Undoubtedly this is Mr. Chesterton's sanest and subtlest point. It gives his book a flavor of permanence.

Otherwise, the value of the book abides to a great degree in certain trenchant sentences. These condensed observations are less often literally true than they are, in our modern cant, "suggestive"; but to the literal-minded Mr. Chesterton could never be more than an irritation. It inclines one indulgently toward the critic's sins to read that "Dickens had to make a character humorous before he could make it human"; or that "The children of his fancy are spoilt children. . . . They smash the story to pieces like so much furniture"; or that the great novelist "had all his life the faults of the little boy who is kept up too late at night. . . . Dickens was always a little too irritable because he was a little too happy." It is also observed with great truth that Dickens never travelled out of England, that his journeys were rather made in "Dickensland." And there are some delicious pages setting forth a fact dear to Mr. Chesterton's sense of paradox—namely, that Dickens chose the time when he was in Italy to write tales "full of fog and snow and hail and happiness." "In the sunlight of the southern world . . . he dreamed a lovely dream of chimney-pots." "Amid the white cities of Tuscany, he hungered for something romantic and wrote about a rainy Christmas."

The quality of such observations as these is quite distinct from that of the multitude of arbitrarily balanced sentences, tumbling precipitately away from their unnaturally conspicuous semicolons, with which Mr. Chesterton chooses to arrest attention and deform his style. None of his critical antagonists can suffer as severely from his rough-and-tumble methods as his own phrases do. His sentences are too often like trained animals, forced into difficult but meaningless attitudes which nature never intended sentences to assume, and which it seems scarcely kind to contemplate. The only value of such sentences as, "It was not the aim of Dickens to show the effect of time and circumstance upon a character; it was not even his aim to show the effect of a character on time and circumstance," is to illustrate the extent to which a rhetorical vice may develop. Similarly cumbrous of the text, and obscuring of its genuine criticism, are those frequent passages where Mr. Chesterton employs his amazing ver-

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bal necromancy to maintain points that could appeal only to an insatiable sense of absurdity. He has so mastered a certain illegitimate dexterity that it is just as easy for him to prove a thing as to assert it—and a good deal more bewildering. His prose, therefore, has often something of the nightmare humor of a limerick. If you are not too much irritated by its preposterous implications, you will find yourself applauding its ingenuity. He is easily able to prove, for instance, that the English, in their strong liking for comfort and in their effort to secure it, are "suffering for an idea"; that this longing is spiritual and poetic, and that the Briton's "surliness is at root romantic." But Mr. Chesterton makes no more pretence of a cosmopolitan breadth of vision than he attributes to Dickens himself. He sounds the loud jingo note of English preeminence, political, social and literary; and, by way of apologizing for Martin Chuzzlewit, refers to the "coarse, rank refinement" that Dickens encountered in America. It is his fairly thoroughgoing comment that "America will always affect an Englishman as being soft in the wrong place and hard in the wrong place; coarse exactly where all civilized men are delicate, delicate exactly where all grown-up men are coarse."

An admirable sense of proportion, prominent among Mr. Chesterton's virtues, has compelled a light and discreet handling of the biographical material, a subordination of that human story that has always so strong a tendency to spread and stifle criticism. He has not the tedious and squalid conscientiousness of less vigorous and less muscular minds. He does not ask us to pry in irrelevant corners or to split historical hairs. And, of course, it matters very little that all this may be in Mr. Chesterton as much a necessity as a virtue. He is blithely equal to the skilful suppression entailed by a summary or a survey when it is possible that his restless temper would resent the demands of an elaborate biography. There is a cheerful breeziness and an air of being in a legitimate hurry in Mr. Chesterton's most serious critical utterances. Far from smelling of the lamp, at least the library lamp, they distinctly reflect the glare of the electric bulb, if they do not actually echo the sound of the presses; and suggest being written late at night in a newspaper office, rather than at a quiet desk in the sane and sober interval preceding luncheon. It must surely have been under some such stimu-

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lating conditions, and with perhaps the added aid of coffee and cigars, that he conceived this description of Dickens's personal appearance: "His face had a peculiar tint or quality, . . . a sort of pale glitter and animation, very much alive and yet with something deathly about it, like a corpse galvanized by a god. . . . Brown of hair and beard, . . . he had . . . eyes that were always darting about like brilliant birds."

A writer employing the meditative and scholarly, rather than the recklessly impressionistic, method, might in the end arrive at Mr. Chesterton's own conclusion—that Dickens is the greatest of nineteenth-century novelists, the most stupendous imaginative force of his age. In which assumption, it seems possible that Dickens has only just begun to be written about, that future critics will neglect him far less frankly. Meanwhile, such a book as Mr. Chesterton's will help much in precipitating a sane estimate of the man on whom not idolatry, nor contempt, nor the profitless habit of contrasting him with Thackeray, has shed an adequately interpretative light.

OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR.

"THE SANDS OF PLEASURE."*

THE right to deal in fiction with the more unsavory facts of life, like the license to compound or administer powerful remedies, is one which the weight of public opinion concedes most cautiously, and only to such novelists as vindicate themselves by their method of using such material. No amount of specious argument will help a book that ventures to probe the plague-spots of our social structure, unless the book contains within itself its own ample justification. It must be the product of assured knowledge and worthy motive; its mood must not be hysterical, or brutal or gloating; but, like a skilful surgeon, it must do the probing with sympathetic understanding and unflinching purpose. And because a writer who combines these qualities is rare, when occasionally such a book as Mr. Filson Young's "Sands of Pleasure" is unobtrusively put forth, it is not only a duty but a privilege to give it the fearless and cordial recognition which its purpose and its workmanship deserve.

* "The Sands of Pleasure." By Filson Young. Boston: Dana, Estes & Co.

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There is, however, one initial obligation resting upon the reviewer of such a book as "The Sands of Pleasure," and that is to say, in unmistakable terms, that it is not a volume to put indiscriminately into the hands of every reader of fiction, regardless of age and sex. It is meant for serious men and thoughtful women, who have learned to look upon life's realities calmly and undismayed, and not, as the author puts it, "with shudderings and averted eyes." However salutary, as a tonic, strychnine may sometimes be, it is customary to label the bottle containing it with a warning symbol. Mr. Young has similarly prefixed his warning to the public, in the shape of a frank and sane introduction to a book which throughout is conspicuous for its brave frankness and its splendid sanity. He wishes every one who opens its covers to understand at the outset that it deals with the social and moral problems offered by the "half-world," which are as old as civilization itself. Of his heroine, he says with grave significance:

> "The profession of Toni is a very ancient one, and has been held honorable in other times than ours; and although, in spite of the determined idealism of some people who write and speak of it in ignorance, it is in fact dishonorable and degraded, its social influence is too great to be ignored. In obscure ways it impinges upon some of the finest characters among mankind, takes its part in their education, and through them makes its mark on the whole world."

A dozen volumes rise up in the reader's mind to challenge comparison; but they are almost all of them from the pens of Frenchmen — Balzac's "*Splendeurs et Misères*"; Murger's "*Vie de Bohème,*" which painted the sins and the sorrows of the Latin Quarter with too indulgent an irony; Zola's "*Nana,*" which, although insisting too much upon the physical side of life, shows more relentlessly than any other novel the gradual spread of the social miasma, upward through the successive social strata, until it became one of the potent influences which overthrew an empire. And, of course, to an English reader the two books most likely to occur, because made familiar through the medium of the stage, are Dumas's "*Dame aux Camélias,*" and Daudet's "*Sapho*"—the latter offering the nearest approach in spirit to Mr. Young's story; while "*Camille,*" with its false standards and its mawkish sentimentality, affords the sharpest contrast. In taking up the plot of "The Sands of Pleasure," nothing serves

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so well to emphasize its strong and yet delicate art as to contrast it with the well-known plot of the younger Dumas.

But, while Mr. Young may be accredited with having written a story far more true to life than did the author of "*Camille,*" there is no intention to suggest that this brave and promising venture of his in fiction equals at one leap the masters of French realism, but merely that "The Sands of Pleasure" would not be greatly out of its proper place somewhere on a shelf in the vicinity of Daudet and of Maupassant—the Maupassant of "*La Maison Tellier.*" In assigning him so high a place, it is necessary to accredit him with having done three things unusually well. First, the technique of both the construction and the elaboration of his plot is excellent. The symbolism of his title is effectively carried into the very backbone of the story itself. His Richard Gray, like many another man in real life, has learned effectively to build his house upon the rock, so far as the hard, concrete, business interests of life go on. To be explicit, he is by profession a designer and builder of lighthouses, spending his years in grappling with the material forces of nature, calculating the side-thrust of storm-driven waves, priding himself that his structures will defy the passage of time. But the other side of his nature, his human, emotional side, has been systematically neglected and starved; until one summer, when his first youth has almost passed by, chance takes him on a brief vacation to Paris, and plunges him, under the guidance of a friend who knows it well, into the bewildering and meretricious glitter of the underworld. Because he has so long starved the human, passionate side of his nature, he becomes reckless over the happiness suddenly thrust upon him.

Other men, who have strolled long and often over the sands of pleasure, can recognize its treacherous and unstable nature. But Richard knows no better than to lay the foundation of his happiness in sand.

Secondly, Mr. Young has given us, in Toni, one vital, enduring character, and one which refuses to be forgotten. From the instant when she first brings into the pages of the book the perverse charm of her little red mouth, alluring and repellent, and "eyes that contradict the innocence of her face with their deep, golden fire," her personality haunts the reader, like the memory of some living woman of rare physical charm; her soft,

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dainty voice, with its odd Polish accent, rings in your ears: "My dear, I give you my vord, I never laugh so much in all my life!" Indeed, it is not too much to say that, in the whole range of recent fiction, there is no portrayal of a woman so intensely alive, so vitally, unmistakably individualized as Toni.

And, lastly, Mr. Young has not tried to interfere with the characters in his story; he has been content to bring them together and let them work out their own destinies—all of which is only another way of saying that he has developed the psychology of his story with rare subtlety. Richard Gray, like Armand Duval in "*La Dame aux Camélias*," has founded the structure of his happiness upon shifting sand. Both authors understood this fact, both built the last act of their drama upon it. But a chasm yawns between the two stories. Dumas saw his Marguerite Gautier through a fog of idealism. To wreck the edifice of Armand's dreams, aid from the outside world must be invoked; the father must intervene, with all the social prejudices and family interests that he represents. Mr. Young saw the facts with far greater clarity. He knew that no outside interference was needed, because the happiness of Richard and Toni was bound to fall by itself, by its inherent weakness, by the world-wide gulf between their natures. Toni, though for once in her life she knew the stirrings of a passion which was closely allied to love, possessed the prejudices and limitations of her class. She lived in a different world, she spoke a different language from the man who loved her. The break between them is logical, inevitable, foreordained; and, when it comes, one forgets the shame, the sordidness, the pitiful triviality of the motive; one thinks only of the fine art which has wrought out a scene so intensely, poignantly human. And yet, if the author had chosen to end his story here, at the moment of this unavoidable rupture, it would have left behind it a sense of gloom and discouragement.

But he carries it forward just far enough to show how a man of strong nature will save himself from the wreck of his shattered happiness, bringing with him out of the ruins something permanent, something which will make all his future building better and finer than it would have been had he never built upon the sands.

FREDERIC TABER COOPER.

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"KATE: A COMEDY."*

THE dean of American dramatists, Mr. Bronson Howard, after a regrettable silence of several seasons, has composed a new comedy, entitled "Kate." This play he has published in advance of its production, breaking thus the habit of a lifetime. Hitherto only two of Mr. Howard's many successes have been published, "Saratoga" and "Young Mrs. Winthrop"; and these only in acting editions, illegible to him who runs as he reads. Realizing that the appeal of the printed page is less vivid than the appeal of theatrical production, Mr. Howard has taken pains, in preparing "Kate" for the press, to do all in his power to aid the reader to visualize the action of the piece. Mr. Bernard Shaw, to be sure, with his careful descriptions of scenes and characters and his quaintly thorough stage directions, made us realize some time ago that the publication of a play was in itself a delicate feat of literary art; but Mr. Howard has gone far beyond him in suppressing those intrusive technicalities that distract the attention of the average reader from the movement of the story. At the first glance, his book looks like a novel. Instead of stage directions, the reader is given passages of description and narrative that make him really see the people of the story and the setting in which they live and move. The lines are not labelled with the names of the characters that speak them; the business is indicated by narrative, rather than expository, means; and the reader finds to his astonishment that the whole play is acting itself before his mind's eye without demanding any exercise of his own contributive imagination. The book, therefore, is likely to attract that large class of novel-readers that hitherto has shuddered away from the mental task of reading plays. As an experiment in publication, the venture is a surprising success; and this success makes us hope that Mr. Howard may be led to prepare similar reading versions of some of his earlier plays.

The present comedy handles a timely subject with that sincerity of purpose and that honesty of execution which are constant qualities of Mr. Howard's work. The first three acts take place in England, and the fourth act in New York; and the basis of the story is a prospective marriage of the sort that

* "Kate: A Comedy in Four Acts." By Bronson Howard. New York and London: Harper and Brothers.

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American newspapers are fond of calling "international alliances." Kate is a New York society girl with wealth; Archibald Pengrue, Earl Catherst, is an English nobleman without it: and their families prepare a fair exchange of fortune for nobility. There is no love between them. Archibald really loves Bianca Dunn, a wild-blooded girl that he has played with as a child; and Bianca returns his love with passionate intensity. She is, however, blessed with neither lineage nor fortune; and she loves the Earl too well to stand in the way of his advancement. Kate, on her side, has been unable to stamp out of her mind the image of a man whom she has met at Nice a year before. This man, Lord John Vernor, was at that time a gay and reckless army officer; but he has since entered the Church, to retrieve his wrecked finances by accepting a comfortable living at three thousand pounds a year. The Reverend Lord John has not forgotten the girl he met at Nice; but, in his desire to reform his life, he has become engaged to the Honorable Dorothea Catherst, a demure and sanctimonious maiden. Thus, at the beginning of the play, each of the main characters finds himself in a false position. For financial, for social, or for religious reasons, each is lying to the world and to himself; and each is driving himself toward a marriage of expediency with a person that he does not love.

The play proceeds with an interchanging clash of character on character that results finally in the triumph of the truth. At first there is a misunderstanding between Kate and Lord John. Believing that he despises her because of the loveless engagement she has entered into, Kate persuades herself that she hates him; until Lord John saves her life at the risk of his own, and Kate, while attending him through the delirium resultant from his accident, kisses him on the lips, and learns. The love of Archibald and Bianca grows to its natural consummation. Bianca, to permit Archibald to marry Kate, throws herself into a mill-race, but is rescued. Kate understands that Bianca is hopelessly in love, but thinks it is with the Reverend Edward Lyell, Lord John's curate, to whom the girl had once been engaged. Dorothea understands nothing. Half an hour before Kate is to marry Archibald, he sends word to her by Lord John that Bianca has born a child to him. The truth triumphs. Archibald marries Bianca; and Kate becomes engaged to Lord John Vernor. Dorothea has already married Mr. Lyell.

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This hasty exposition of the plot can give no suggestion of the dignity with which the theme is handled. Throughout the play, Mr. Howard insists upon the thesis that marriage is not a matter of legal or religious contract, but a matter of love. As soon as a man and a woman have given themselves sincerely to each other because of love, they are married in the sight of God; and no legal or religious ceremony can make a man and a woman married unless they have so rendered up their bodies and their souls. In the last act, Kate cries out:

"If Archibald and I should kneel together at the chancel-rail! The blessing of the Church would rest upon our union and Bianca Dunn would be lying in her bed with his child by her side. Which of us would be his wife?—and which his mistress?—in the eyes of God!"

But throughout the drama runs a deeper theme, perhaps subconscious with the author. What we call "Society" is to a great extent an organized system of life-lies. For the sake of wealth or position, men and women are tempted to pretend to the world and to themselves that they are other than they really are. They try to show themselves capable of baseness that is not really native to them, and shelter their perfidy behind an armor of light laughter. But, in the great passionate crises of their lives, the truth is beaten into them, and they learn unwillingly what has been so ably expressed in that sentence of The Pilgrim's Scrip—"Expediency is man's wisdom: doing right is God's." This is the lesson that each of Mr. Howard's people learns in this four-act comedy of "Kate."

The play proceeds on a plane of high comedy throughout; but the theme is one that might have been used for sterner drama, or even for profoundest tragedy. Given these people, each tangled in his special life-lie, Henrik Ibsen would have shattered them with punishment. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones or Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero would have driven them finally to compromise between the lie and the truth; and then Mr. Jones would have preached, or Mr. Pinero would have cynicized, about the compromise. In lifting the play to the plane of comedy, and showing how the characters succeed gradually in attaining truth, Mr. Howard exhibits a sanity of optimism rare indeed in the drama of the present. We have been told too often in our plays how men and women sink to ruin, or niggardly contrive to save their

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skins through compromise. Here is a play that tells us how men and women realize themselves, and thus are saved.

Technically, this drama is interesting because it stands at the culmination of its author's long career. Mr. Howard's plays have always exhibited a craftsmanship on a par with the best dramatic accomplishment of their time. But most of them were written many years ago, at the time of stage conventions now outworn. The aside and the soliloquy, both reflective and constructive, and those other labor-saving devices of a former generation, were used by Mr. Howard in the plays of his earlier period, just as they were used by Mr. Pinero in his early farces. For this reason, plays as good as "The Henrietta" and "The Banker's Daughter" seem old-fashioned in form when they are revived by stock companies to-day. But Mr. Howard's art has grown with this growing age. His workmanship in "Kate" is rigid and compressed: there are no soliloquies or asides. As in Ibsen's later pieces, much of the action takes place off the stage, and the play concerns itself not so much with exhibiting the main events of the story as with exhibiting the effect of these events upon the characters. That Mr. Howard, thus late in his career, should entirely revise his methods of construction in order to keep pace with the progress of the stage is a striking indication of that thoroughness which has always been apparent in his work.

"Kate" requires for its presentation a company of even excellence throughout—such a company as is seldom aggregated nowadays in our American theatres. But it is to be hoped that the play may shortly be produced by a cast of the required competence. Meanwhile, it is fortunate that we may read it in book form. It is pleasing as an entertainment, and profitable as a criticism of life.

CLAYTON HAMILTON.

"THE BREATH OF THE RUNNERS."

WHAT is it the American novel lacks? We hear the question continually, and the answers are various. An historic setting, background, atmosphere, art—the lack of all these makes for the peculiarly harsh angularity of the American product. When "The Divine Fire" appeared, a critic of high standing said: "The sad part of it all is that it could not be an American novel; it has the charm, the fulness, the ripe beauty of centuries

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of ease and leisure and scholarship." "The Breath of the Runners" is an American novel, and yet it has as much charm as an English novel; while, in intricate and skilful structure, not only sentence and paragraph building, but chapter balancing chapter, opening forecasting the end and the end striking again all the notes of the beginning, the clever leading in and weaving together of separate *motifs*, the gathering up all the threads at the most complex point in the middle, the slight episodical interlude, holding back the action before the catastrophe, in all these matters of skilful and artistic rendering one can only compare the book with French art; not with the massive work of the world's greatest geniuses, those who have revivified an age or made some great world-struggle come into life at their touch, but with the work of fastidious craftsmen who deliberately choose a narrower field in order to perfect it more highly; with writers like Merimée, Stendhal and Loti, all craftsmen *par excellence*—standing by the art of these men, Miss Mears's book is not shamed.

In the medallion on the cover is a group of The Runners, the group which we know as it stands in sun and rain in the Luxembourg Gardens; on the back is an adorably blithe little figure of Victory, with palm and wreath outstretched, footing it lightly over the top of a globe. We need no telling that Miss Mears is an artist among artists, the book cover tells us that. The motto is taken from Taine: "To succeed—this word, unknown a century ago, is to-day the sovereign ruler of all lives." This, then, is the main theme, the breath of the runners, the chase for preeminence, and the recurring *motif* of the story is the refrain of the shoes, beginning with the misfits which Gaston made in his little French shoe-shop on East Twenty-third Street, occurring again when Beulah returns from that visit in which she first declares her intention to be a sculptor and sees the shoes which the customer had brought back, sitting "with their mute, returned look" on the shelf. "O, the tale of the shoes! If men would but look they could read many a fine biography." It is never quite mute, this *motif* of the shoes; it recurs when Beulah finds of her dead friend only the little slime-bespattered boots; and away off there in Paris, a mature woman bearing the sorrows and the rude awakenings of middle life, the vision rises again before her, and instead of the passing scene she sees her father's shop, "filled with twilight, and herself a girl standing at the door of

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it. Eagerly she watched the feet of the passers-by—some dragging, some limping, some hurrying, some even running, all intent on an object." Yes, the panting breath of the runners, the clatter of feet, the hurrying past of human bodies intent on a distant goal are the flowing accompaniment to this exquisite tale of friendship, of love and of art.

In this atmosphere of the studio, "The Breath of the Runners" stands alone among American novels; there is nothing to compare it with. It is known that the author practically grew up in studios. Herself the sister of a well-known sculptor and a close friend of the greatest sculptor our country has ever produced, it is natural that the story should be impregnated with art; but, beyond that, the author has achieved the miracle of dropping a veil of romance and of artistic impulse and struggle over New York City. Shall we ever walk down Twenty-third Street again without looking for Gaston's shop and thinking of the little narrow enclosed court at the back, embowered with vines, where Elizabeth of the Madonna face played with her babies, a little court which he had beautified twenty years before for his young wife, copying it from the background of a Da Vinci in the Louvre? Shall we ever pass the corner where the Lexington Avenue car sweeps round the curve without looking for the window of the house and wondering at which window we may see the pale, tense face of Enid watching?

In every book which we read seriously at all, criticism eventually concerns itself with the personality which projects the work. How full, how deep, how original is the mind behind the book? What has the writer to give that is vital or significant? In "The Breath of the Runners," the peculiar and marked gift of the author is that of the artistic perception; the keenness and trained development of the visual faculty predominating over all others are evident on each page—the tall red-faced building that looked like a glutton, licking the pavement with its front steps like a tongue, glaring with its second-story windows, this is a fantastic bit of vision; but Beulah's hair, of the neutral tone which varies from the color of wet sand to a quite blond lightness, that is the painter's keen eye for shades and *nuances;* James Wooding with his lean face and hollows under his cheekbones, his nose an ugly stump and his eyes two crows that watched, and Matthias, in color like a shell and in shape pure Gothic, all these

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bits of observation proclaim the artist. There are two wonderful pictures of cities, the one New York, in the afternoon, when the sun lay low along the streets and the people seemed wading in sunshine; the other, a Roman street scene at night, which, however alien the subjects, yet seems to be treated in words exactly after the manner of Monet with the brush; at least one may feel sure that the old painter and the young author looked at dripping light and slow-rising darkness through the same veil of emotion.

Miss Mears's novel has many snatches of condensed wisdom:

"The utterances of mature wisdom are often the sayings of youth, with the stamp of the divine washed off."

"What first love is to the heart, first achievement is to the mind—the golden age. But it must ever be our first love—the first achievement. Later our happiness may stretch to the mortal limit, but only once can we know the proud sense of power—that divine egotism—that joy of the gods that foresees in the future neither failure nor the satiety of success—that takes no note of the stretches of darkness because of the stars that still beckon us on."

"The hold of a miser on his gold cannot be compared in tenacity with the hold of a mind over the least ray of genius which is its own. Work is an ocean into which we can plunge and lose all our worries; for, thus submerged, the largest of them grow unimportant, trivial. The individual in us hangs its head, the universal comes to life."

Miss Mears has recently said in an essay on methods of work: "My ideal is this, that a novel should flow over the consciousness of the reader with something of the emotional truth of music." With the emotional truth of music and with the exciting exhilaration of fine painting this novel touches us—an individual, an exalted and a poetic vision of the world with its great hurrying procession of human beings, making whither no man shall say. It is difficult to think of another first novel of the same power and promise, except one of two decades ago, which, with all its brilliancy and fervor, remained the sole fruit on its tree. It is pleasant to know that Miss Mears is well advanced on another novel which promises to be of larger scope than this one, though he would be difficult, indeed, who should wish it of more exquisite quality. There is something in the youth and the freshness, the first poetic outlook upon dawning life, never to be seized a second time, but which permeates "The Breath of the Runners."

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

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WORLD-POLITICS.

BERLIN: WASHINGTON.

BERLIN, *October, 1906.*

THE Congress of German Social Democrats at Mannheim appears to have scotched, if it has not killed, the spirit of revolutionary romance which for some years past has pervaded the councils of the party. Three years ago at Dresden, August Bebel, the impetuous veteran, awakened that uneasy spirit by his impassioned invocation of the orthodox doctrines of Marxianism against the forces of political opportunism. The party had emerged from the turmoil of the general elections amazingly strong in numbers, but weak and uncertain as regards its principles. So, at least, it seemed to Bebel, who, in mustering the new group of Social Democratic deputies, discovered that the Old Guard of incorruptible Irreconcilables had been augmented by a dapper body of academicians, writers and lawyers, whose daily habits had little in common with the working-classes, and whose views inclined strongly towards compromise and cooperation, for particular purposes, with the radical *Bourgeoisie*. These "intellectual" Socialist parliamentarians disputed, where they did not ignore, the tactical counsels of the leader whose word was law with the masses; and they were bent on revising, in their application to practical politics, the dogmas upheld by the Marxians. On them, accordingly, Bebel declared war to the knife. He mounted the party tribune at Dresden, and anathematized their "insidious attempts" to devitalize the revolutionary movement. The Congress responded, as it has never failed to do, to the fascinating vehemence of Bebel's oratory, and essayed to exorcise the ghost of revisionism by the formulation of a resolution in which homage was rendered to the cataclysmic theory promulgated by Marx, while all comrades were adjured to direct their labors not

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to the reformation, but to the overthrow, of the existing capitalist order of Society and to the substitution for it of the Socialist Republic. The academicians, who suddenly perceived that they were leaders without a following, proved their opportunism by denying it. Instead of quitting the party, they proclaimed their orthodoxy and insisted on voting for the resolution which aimed at their destruction.

Bebel, none the less, deemed himself definitively triumphant. The debate had reinstated him as Dictator of the Masses; and he predicted that it would act as a "fountain of youth" on the further progress of the movement. The easy victory he had gained over the revisionists quickened his appetite for mastery, and in the succeeding Congresses, at Bremen and Jena, he set to work to subjugate the Trades-Unions, as he had previously subjugated the revisionists, to the will of the political Directorate. To this end, he lent his powerful influence to the propagation of the general strike as the most effective instrument of the proletariate in their fight for political liberty and the Socialist millennium. The originators of this propaganda formed the so-called Anarcho-Socialist wing of the German party. At Jena, Bebel, who seemed himself to be afflicted with the Slavic disease, supported or seemed to support the Anarcho-Socialists in their ambition to bring about a German edition of the Russian struggle. He delivered a firebrand speech, affirming that, in the event of a revolution, entire regiments would make common cause with the proletariate, and ended by urging the adoption of a resolution setting forth that "one of the most effective fighting instruments, designed to avert the commission of a political crime against the people (such as the abrogation of the principle of manhood suffrage, or the restriction of the right of coalition), or to conquer an important fundamental right for the people, is considered by the Congress to be, in given circumstances, the most comprehensive application of the strike *en masse*." As the Congress never disobeys Bebel, the resolution was carried, together with a rider designating manhood suffrage in all state elections as a "fundamental right" to be acquired by the people. In view of the growing agitation for the abolition of the three-class franchise in favor of universal manhood suffrage and of the tone and attitude of the Congress, which indulged in frequent panegyrics on the Russian revolution, the Government and the governing classes sounded

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a vigorous alarm, with results that were described in an earlier issue of the REVIEW. But the Trades-Unions were even more perturbed.

In theory, the German Trades-Unions are politically neutral institutions; in reality, the vast majority of them are officered and manned by acknowledged "Comrades." Like the "academicians" and "intellectuals," the Union leaders, however, have earned for themselves the suspicious regards of the political captains of Social Democracy and, in particular, of Bebel, who dislikes their conservative and cautious spirit and their evident disinclination to risk the funds they have laboriously collected, in the service of Social Democratic ideals. The Trades-Unions had scouted as absurd the idea of "a general strike," and in a Congress held at Cologne, just prior to the Jena meeting, had issued a general warning to their members to refrain from all association with the propaganda "carried on by anarchists and people devoid of all practical experience of the struggle between capital and labor" in favor of a general cessation of work.

The action of Bebel at Jena was a deliberate attempt to override the authority of the Trades-Union leaders with their own following and to subordinate them to the Party Executive. In this matter, the Autocrat of the Masses proved himself a poor judge of human character; for, while his utterances met with the enthusiastic approval of the Congress, they were stubbornly opposed by the Union chiefs who, being men of a calibre very different from that of the "academicians," declined to submit to the yoke, or to deliver up the vast funds entrusted to their administration, and the interests represented by those funds, to the mercies of a purely political agitation. The consequence was a confusion, threatening disaster, in the ranks of the proletariate. Whom should the rank and file of the Trades-Unions follow?—the heroes of their political ideals or their own officials? It speedily became obvious that this distraction of feeling was exercising a disastrous influence on the unity of the party. The flood of Social Democratic election successes began to ebb. At the bye-elections, the Socialist majorities declined or were converted into minorities. These ominous symptoms, combined with the ostentatious determination of the Government to quell, with a relentless military hand, even the slightest disturbances of public order, at length gave pause to the party Directorate. Bebel and his coadjutors

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decided to compromise. They furnished the Central Commission of the Trades-Unions with reassuring statements, and appeared at the Mannheim Congress as the outspoken opponents of Anarcho-Socialist schemes. As usual, the orations of Bebel constituted the chief feature of the Congress; they were couched in terms which contrasted significantly with his fanfaronade at Jena. He dwelt, it is true, on the saving clauses of his last year's speech with the object of proving that he was guilty of no inconsistency; *mais c'est le ton qui fait la musique,* and Bebel, who last autumn depicted the country as being on the possible eve of revolution, now confessed that the capitalist order of society stood on, as yet, unshaken foundations He averred that the idea of "provoking a revolution" was alien to the spirit of the Social Democratic campaign; that it was hopeless to expect the South German proletariate to set their existence at stake in order to assist the North German comrades to secure the suffrage; and that the general strike had proved a failure in Russia and would, in present circumstances, be fraught with worse failure in Germany. For "Germany," exclaimed Bebel in an admirable outburst of candor, "is a state which has no counterpart in the civilized world. Though we [the proletariate] have grown in power, the power of the established authorities has grown enormously, too; and this fact we must bear constantly in mind and frame our actions accordingly." In other words, the man who fifteen years ago committed himself to the definite prediction that the grand upheaval —the cataclysm of Marxian theory—would occur in Germany in the year 1896, confesses in 1906 that the forces of Social Democracy would be hopelessly worsted in an armed conflict with the state, and that their leaders would be criminals if they were to sanction the experiment. Bebel's confession formed the prelude to a declaration of peace with the Trades-Unions which had deprecated the general strike as a weapon which would be bound, if employed, to provoke street-fighting and a revolutionary struggle. He admitted that the political party, whose registered comrades do not exceed four hundred thousand, cannot hope to organize even a defensive strike *en masse* without the concurrence of the Trades-Unions, whose membership rolls number one and a half million. The upshot of this admission was a formal resolution affirming, with an egregious disregard of actual fact, that no discrepancy existed between the attitude of the Unions at Cologne

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and of the Congress at Jena, and that the Party Directorate should "confer with the Unions as soon as it shall consider a strike *en masse* to be necessary." Every conceivable satisfaction was rendered to the Trades-Unions. Bebel, and with him, of course, the Congress, disowned—a unique occurrence—the official party theorist and Marxian high-priest, Kautsky, who demanded the adoption of a statement defining Social Democracy "as the highest and most complete form of the proletariate class-fight," and declaring that no "movement of the proletariate" (meaning the Trades-Unions) can "adequately fulfil its function unless it is informed with the spirit of Social Democracy." Both this and another proposition to the effect that the Trades-Unions must submit in all fundamental questions to the authority of the Congress were rejected without a vote; and in their stead was accepted a diplomatic acknowledgment that the "Unions are indispensably necessary to the work of improving the well-being of the working-man within the framework of the capitalist society," and that they are indeed "not less necessary than the Social Democratic Party, which is charged with the function of conducting the fight for the elevation of the working-classes and for their equal rights with the other classes of society in the political domain."

With these resolutions and the explanations by which they were accomplished, the Congress has definitely dissociated itself from the extremists who, with Bebel's temporary assistance, had succeeded in impregnating the party councils with a vague and romantic longing for a more exhilarating form of class battle than that which is waged at the polling-booths and in the parliamentary arena. The return of eighty Social Democratic deputies to the Reichstag in 1903 on the basis of a three-million vote had engendered a feeling, to which subsequent events in Russia gave a passing impetus, that the political power actually exercised by the party was disproportionately small and insignificant when contrasted with its resources, and that the constitutional agitation, if it were to find expression in tangible results, required the assistance of a policy of demonstration and revolutionary menace. Fortunately for the party, Bebel, whose influence is supreme, has recognized the futility of this feeling, and with a heroic contempt for personal consistency has suppressed it, without apparently sacrificing any of the halo which surrounds him in the eyes of the

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multitude. His action is a practical deduction from the trend of events since 1903, which has plainly demonstrated that, as "an aggressively revolutionary party," Social Democracy cannot count upon the united support even of the working-classes, to say nothing of those *bourgeois* voters who, at the polling-booth, subscribe to the Socialist ticket, not because they believe in the economic tenets of Marx, but because they desire to intimidate the Imperial Government into pursuing a path of liberal reform. It is not improbable that 1907 will see the Empire in the throes of a premature general election; and, in the contemplation of that not unlikely eventuality, the Socialist leaders have grown suddenly conscious of the advantages of parliamentary power, which it has been the fashion in recent years to decry, and of the imperative necessity, if the successes of 1903 are to have a happy sequel, of eschewing all superfluous issues in order to restore unity to the ranks of the Democracy. Outwardly, at all events, that unity has been established by the Mannheim resolutions; and, in the coming year, the party will consequently be free to concentrate its energies on the perfection of its electioneering machinery. If the signs of the times are not deceptive, its future conduct will be "revisionist" in practice, if revolutionary in theory. The Mannheim Congress, in fact, signifies that, notwithstanding Dresden, the party is growing ripe for practical political work within the existing system of society, much as it may seek to hide the fact behind a menacing mask of revolutionary Marxian theory.

When Prince von Bülow returns to his official residence in Berlin next month, the political and parliamentary season will be in full swing. Six months have elapsed since the dramatic fainting fit which the Chancellor suffered in the debating hall of the Reichstag; and, though in the mean time the Emperor has announced that in November Prince von Bülow will resume his duties in their entirety, doubts continue to be expressed as to whether his health is sufficiently restored to justify him in retaining the reins of office for any considerable period. Men in the position of Prince von Bülow are, moreover, subject to other than mere physical maladies; and, while the country has listened with interest to the Monarch's panegyric on the services rendered by Bismarck's third successor to the Empire and to the cause of European peace, it has not forgotten that a similar eulogy in the case of Count von Caprivi was followed in

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a few short months by that Chancellor's retirement. Prince von Bülow, before his illness, had effected a settlement of most of the problems of internal legislation that were awaiting solution—under his guidance the Navy, Tariff, Finance, Prussian School and Military Pensions Bills have been rendered into law. In consequence of these successes, he is, in the cynical language of German politicians, no longer indispensable. He might have retired in the spring, despite the criticisms which his foreign policy had evoked, amid the sympathetic acclamations of his countrymen and a reputation for sound statesmanship. But he missed his chance of a good stage exit, and the opportunity will not easily recur. He has, it is true, scored an excellent political stroke by the selection of Herr Dernburg, the "American" financier, to reorganize the administration of the Colonies; but, on the other hand, he has lost heavily in prestige by his futile quarrel with General von Podbielski, the Prussian Minister of Agriculture. For years Prince von Bülow has been credited with the design of finding a successor to that Agrarian Minister, who has contributed more than any of his colleagues to swell the volume of political discontent by his "frankness" in proclaiming that his duty is to care for the welfare, not of the community at large, but of the agricultural interest. But General von Podbielski was able to regard the Chancellor's thinly veiled hostility with amused tolerance, owing to the intimacy of his relations with the Emperor, with whom he habitually plays "Skat." In the course of the past summer, however, the jovial Minister was gravely compromised by the report that he was financially interested in a firm of Government contractors who had succeeded in inducing the Colonial Department to enter into a questionable and certainly unbusinesslike arrangement with them. It was alleged that the weight of von Podbielski's name had sealed the notorious contract, and that, even if this were not the case, the Minister had sinned against the most sacred traditions of his office by his indulgence in investments which derived advantages from his association with the Government. As revelation followed revelation regarding the dealings of the implicated firm with the incompetent Department for the Colonies, a storm of public indignation broke over the Minister's head; and Prince von Bülow profited by the opportunity to demand explanations from General von Podbielski. These the General gave in a letter couched in his

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customary slipshod epistolary manner. The Chancellor interpreted the letter as a request on the part of the Minister of Agriculture to be allowed to resign—a request which he immediately communicated to the public through the medium of the semiofficial press. General von Podbielski, to the general surprise, promptly denied the allegation of the Chancellor and declared that he had not resigned. There for two months the matter has rested. Prince von Bülow has not resigned, and at the moment of writing General von Podbielski is the guest of his sovereign at his hunting-lodge in East Prussia. The General has played his cards admirably, and has succeeded in convincing the Emperor that, Prince von Bülow notwithstanding, the attacks directed against him were in reality aimed at the personal friend of the Monarch. It is in this fashion that questions of high political moment are too frequently decided in Germany; and Prince von Bülow is censured universally for his failure to insist either on the immediate resignation of his subordinate, which he erroneously announced, or on the acceptance of his own resignation as Chancellor.

WASHINGTON, *November, 1906.*

IN the Federal capital, as elsewhere, the outcome of the elections held on November 6th is, of course, considered from two points of view—first, the immediate effect produced on the next House of Representatives, and, secondly, the ultimate effect which it is likely to have on the National Conventions of 1908, with regard both to candidates and platforms. That the Republican majority in the House should have been cut down from 112 to about 62 is not in the least surprising; for, although the Republicans have retained control of that chamber since 1896, it had previously been a common occurrence for the party in power to lose preponderance in the House of Representatives in non-Presidential years. Thus, two years after Mr. Cleveland's phenomenal victory in 1892, a Republican Speaker was chosen. If the details of the recent elections be analyzed, they justify the belief that the Republicans might have met with a similar reverse this year, had they not made Mr. Roosevelt's personality the pivotal issue. The President himself asked the voters to give him a Republican House, in order that he might be upheld in his campaign against oppressive corporations. That advantage

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the Republicans will not possess in 1908, if Mr. Roosevelt persists in his determination not to accept another nomination.

If, from the national contest for ascendency in the House of Representatives, we turn to the competition for State offices, we find not a few indications of a popular revulsion in favor of Democracy. The Democrats elected Governors in Rhode Island, Minnesota and North Dakota; and, had they not been disabled by the incubus of Hearstism, they would probably have been equally successful in Massachusetts, California and New York. The returns from the old Bay State show that, if Moran, the representative of Hearstism, could have been persuaded to stand aside in favor of Mr. Whitney, or of ex-Governor Douglas, the former possibly, and the latter almost certainly, would have secured the Governorship. In California, the votes cast for Langdon, the Hearst candidate, prevented Bell, the regular Democratic nominee, from being elected Governor. In New York, the fact that almost every nominee for a State office on the Democratic ticket, except Hearst, who headed it, seems to have been successful, goes far to prove that, if the Republicans had nominated Higgins or Bruce for the Governorship, and if a decent and popular Democrat had been put forward at Buffalo, the latter would have obtained a considerable plurality. The difference between the vote cast for Hearst and that given to other Democratic nominees for State offices may seem, at the first glance, to measure the number of Democrats who refused to be bound by the bargain which assured to the candidate of the Independence League the endorsement of the Democratic State Convention. As a matter of fact, many of the Democrats, who held that Hearst was the nominee, not of the Buffalo Convention, as it came from the people, but of the law-breaking committee on contested seats, are believed to have voted, not a split ticket, but a straight Republican ticket. Be that as it may, the repudiation of Hearst by the Empire Commonwealth should plainly, on the face of the returns, be credited to Democrats, though Mr. Hughes made a gallant fight on his own behalf. Whether he will be put forward by his own State as a candidate for the next Republican nomination for the Presidency depends obviously on the use which he shall make of his opportunities during his term of office. If it be assumed that the Republican National Convention will meet in June, 1908, he will then have been Governor about a

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year and five months, and will have greatly enhanced, or much impaired, his political reputation. Whether Mr. Hearst will succeed in controlling the New York delegation to the next Democratic National Convention depends largely on the maintenance of his alliance with Tammany Hall, which is by no means assured. It is true that Tammany Hall owes, or thinks it owes, to its combination with the Independence League the election of its State Senators and Assemblymen, and of all but one of the nominees on its judiciary ticket. It must, at the same time, recognize that Hearst will never have a better chance to carry New York than he had this year, and that his availability will be weakened daily as Democrats comprehend the damage which he inflicted on their party. Not only do they justly impute to him the loss of the Governorship in New York, but they hold that, but for him, they might have had a chance of carrying the Legislature of that State. To him also they are warranted in ascribing the failure of Democratic candidates to obtain the Governorship in Massachusetts and California, and their failure to elect judges and a sheriff in Chicago. They cannot help looking on Hearst as a Jonah who must be thrown overboard if the Democratic ship is to have a prosperous voyage in 1908.

About the effect produced on the New York campaign by the remarkable speech which Secretary Root delivered at Utica on November 1st, opinions are not unanimous, some holding that the President's interposition in a State contest was likely to repel many voters who otherwise might have been inclined to support Hughes. The great majority of observers, however, think that the case made for interference this year was incomparably stronger than that which was presented in 1882, when President Arthur interposed to obtain the nomination to the Governorship of New York for Judge Folger, his Secretary of the Treasury. No one at that time could pretend that the public welfare would suffer from the election of a Democratic Governor, but this year the election of Hearst would have meant the triumph of the malignant and abhorrent forces evoked by persistent and sinister appeals to the passions of jealousy and envy. The logical, if not the actual, outcome of the spirit of class hatred engendered by the Hearst publications is assassination, and the preponderant conviction is that President Roosevelt and Secretary Root were justified in pointing out the fact. Nor can it, on the whole, be

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doubtful that the stern accusation launched at Utica had much to do with Hearst's failure to keep pace with his companions on the Democratic ticket. The only answer made to the charge by Hearst himself or on his behalf was the assertion, uttered late on the evening of November 5th, that Czolgolz, the assassin of McKinley, could not have been influenced by the Hearst publications, inasmuch as he could not read English. The assertion is scarcely credible, for the reason that Czolgolz was born in this country, and, for a time, at all events, attended its common schools. At any rate, the fact remains that Czolgolz was neither blind nor deaf; and that, consequently, he could see the caricatures, and have read to him the editorials, in the Hearst newspapers.

If it be considered by and large, the result of this year's elections must be deemed to have put an end to Hearst's chance of obtaining the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. Who will be put forward by the Democracy is not so clear, for the objection to Mr. Bryan's proposal that trunk railways shall be owned and operated by the Federal Government has lost none of its validity. Close observers of the drift of public opinion believe that, if that project were made a pivotal issue in 1908, its advocates would meet with an overwhelming defeat. With both Bryan and Hearst eliminated, the field would be open for the selection of an upright and eminent Democrat from the walks of private life, who, though no professional politician, is known to be thoroughly grounded in political history, and in the study and application of sound political principles—like President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University. Nor can it truthfully be said that the Democratic party is destitute of experienced statesmen and jurists of great ability and high character. As regards the issues on which the next Presidential contest is likely to turn, there are indications in the results of the elections just concluded that the people will force tariff revision to the front, unless the Republican party itself shall make a sincere and effective movement in that direction during the first or long session of the Sixtieth Congress. It is at present hard to see how, if Mr. Roosevelt is not a nominee in 1908, it will be possible for the Republicans to make the anti-trust campaign an issue, as the President's trust-curbing policy has received cordial and sturdy support from the Democratic minority in Congress.

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THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

WEDNESDAY, *November 7.* To Power and Wealth: A Warning.

THE election of the Republican candidate for Governor of New York was not a definitive triumph of good over evil; it was only a temporary deliverance from impending disgrace; above all, it was a warning. It could not have been achieved, for example, if (1) the present Governor had accepted the renomination tendered to him, or (2) practically any candidate other than Mr. Hughes had been nominated, or (3) precedent had not been utterly disregarded by the National Administration, or (4) the radical candidate had possessed character as well as daring, or (5) conservative Democrats by tens of thousands had not placed patriotism above partisanship, or (6) the radical candidate had never let loose the torrent of personal abuse which, too late, he abruptly stopped, or (7) close association with disreputable "bosses" had not vitiated his claim of independence, or (8) Democratic and Independent newspapers had been lukewarm, or even perhaps (9) the weather had been inclement. In not all, but in *any one* of these contingencies, barring possibly the last mentioned, the appeal of an utterly descredited political adventurer to the spirit of discontent would have been made not in vain. Surely the wrath of God was upon us for our sins; why it failed to descend, or how long it will be withheld, He alone knows.

Despite undying faith in democratic government, we find the outlook from a condition that induced six hundred thousand citizens of a single commonwealth to swallow the personal disgust they must have felt, that they might make public protest against the existing order, distinctly unfavorable, if not indeed depressing. In such circumstances surface indications count for naught; underlying causes must be sought and, when found, removed.

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Why, then, in the midst of unprecedented prosperity, this discontent? It is a time for plain speaking. For a long time have been heard mutterings of disapproval of the extraordinary activities of our Chief Magistrate in summoning, at frequent intervals, to the support of paternalistic measures the mighty forces of public opinion, normally dormant, yet ever quick to respond to the call of class jealousy; but it remained for the demagogue, through impudent implication of the identity of his purpose with that of the President, to enforce expression of these whisperings. First came the official repudiation of his pretensions at the lips of a cabinet officer, "by authority of the President," sincerely indignant, yet truly amazing from its apparent necessity. And now the public journals on the morning after the day of election!

The "Sun":

"Theodore Roosevelt in his summer home at Oyster Bay was watching the fate of his native State with a solicitude as intense as was ever aroused in him by any event in his career. None better than he appreciated the crisis. He knew it was no question of mere party success or supremacy. He knew that something was about to take place which concerned the very vitals not of the party but of the State, and not of the State alone, but of the whole country. He knew, he recognized, the forces which he had himself unchained, and there must have dawned upon his consciousness a sense of whither, if they were not instantly checked, they inevitably must lead. Envy of the rich, hatred of class for class, intolerance of the law, impatience with the Constitution, resentment against Judges, a restless, troubled surging of the mass, no set ideas, no definite conviction of anything, but everywhere a deep, dull susceptibility to a man with a torch!"

The "Times":

"Mr. Hearst's uncomfortably near approach to a victory should serve as a warning, also, to those who have led or joined in intemperate assaults upon the business of the country, to men who in high or humble places have by profuse and ill-judged utterance roused the spirit of chastisement and correction to a pitch of passion far beyond the public need."

A caustic writer to the "Evening Post," after quoting the declaration of the distinguished lawyer, Mr. Edward M. Shepard, to the effect that "it is a crisis for the nation, for it must not be forgotten that this wave of recklessness and irresponsibility that is sweeping over us is the direct result of the utterances and actions of a Republican President," continues:

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"Does any reasoning man presume for a minute to believe that Hearst would have had the hardihood to seek a Presidential nomination, or the governorship of New York, without the career of Roosevelt before him? Hearst had seen success come to him in the newspaper field from noise and sensationalism, but it is hardly to be thought that the idea ever entered his head that loud pretence, theatrical display, and blatant self-praise could win the Presidency until he saw the thing actually tried and done. . . .

"Now, in all fairness wherein is Hearst any worse than Roosevelt? Any more anarchistic, any more self-seeking, any more indifferent as to the kind of means to gain his ends? Hearst has been denounced for his criticism of the courts. Is this criticism on the part of a newspaper, a private enterprise, half so improper, half so indecent, as similar criticism on the part of the President of the United States in a message to Congress? Hearst has been excoriated for posing as a reformer, denouncing bosses and then striking hands with them when it suited his purpose. Did not Roosevelt ally himself with Addicks and Quay and Penrose and Platt and Odell, and even make up with the notorious Lou Payn, when he needed the votes they commanded? Was there ever a more purely demagogic appeal in the Hearst papers than the Roosevelt protest to Russia about the treatment of the Jews, or the utterly irrelevant passage in the 'anti-muckrake' speech about limiting great fortunes? Suppose that the charge so frequently made that Hearst buys his support is true. Mr. Hearst is spending his own money and not the Government's. He is not raiding the United States Treasury by means of an executive order to purchase old soldier votes; he is not diverting Indian funds contrary to law to gain the political adhesion of a religious sect; he is not extorting money from insurance companies to swell his campaign fund."

We have no doubt that the editors of these great independent journals responsible for these utterances are as firmly convinced as ourselves or our readers of the fervid patriotism and lofty ideals of the President, whom the Emperor of Germany pronounces the greatest the Nation has ever known, but clearly they feel and as plainly intimate that, in his eagerness to serve the people, he has heeded the dictates of zeal rather than of wisdom and unwittingly has played the part of a Frankenstein. No good purpose would be served by attempting now to fix the share of responsibility that should be thus ascribed, but if to the mind and conscience of him most deeply concerned there should seem, upon reflection, to be the smallest, we may rest assured that the suggestion will be received, not with scoffing, but as a lesson to be taken to heart.

But the true cause of discontent lies not in its fomentation but

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in deep-seated conviction of injustice and inequality before the law. Daniel Webster, from the floor of the Senate in 1838, thus graphically depicted the demagogues of his day:

"They excite the poor to make war upon the rich. . . . They complain of oppression, speculation and the pernicious influence of accumulated wealth. They cry out loudly against all banks and corporations and all the means by which small capitals become united in order to produce important and beneficial results. They carry on a mad hostility against all established institutions. They would choke up the fountains of industry and dry all its streams.

"In a country of unbounded liberty they clamor against oppression. In a country of perfect equality they would move heaven and earth against privilege and monopoly. In a country where property is more equally divided than anywhere else they rend the air with agrarian doctrines. In a country where the wages of labor are high beyond any parallel, . . . they would teach the laborer that he is an oppressed slave.

"Sir, what can such men want? What do they mean? They can want nothing but to enjoy the fruits of other men's labor. They can mean nothing but disturbance and disorder, the diffusion of corrupt principles and the destruction of the moral sentiments and moral habits of society."

Such, in some respects, is the situation to-day. The country continues to afford "unbounded liberty" and unparalleled wages of labor; attempts to excite the poor against the rich represent now as then a desire to enjoy the fruits of other men's industry, and tend to diffuse corrupt principles and destroy moral sentiments and moral habits. It may be, too, that perfect equality continues to prevail, in theory, before the law, but it is not a fact now that this is a country "where property is more equally divided than anywhere else." The reverse, indeed, as we all know, approximates the truth, and these are the branches, but only the branches, of the dissatisfaction. The root lies in the conviction of the people that the great inequalities in property possession are due to unwarranted fostering and protection by the law itself, and that titles to many, if not all, of the colossal fortunes accumulated in recent years are morally defective, even if legally valid. We venture no opinion of the correctness or error of this view; we merely state a patent fact as of common belief that must be reckoned with.

What, then, is to be done to avert a possible cataclysm? What course should sober-minded, patriotic citizens, sincerely desirous of applying effective remedies and accomplishing genuine re-

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forms, advise and pursue? Upon one point we all, rich and poor, agree, namely, that capital, whether wrongfully or rightfully acquired, does not bear its just burden of taxation. The very tariff that protects it is supported by those in moderate circumstances and the poor. Reduction of the rates would reduce the cost of living, which is already burdensome and threatens to become unendurable. Supplement such a reduction and supply the deficiency in revenue consequent upon it by graduated inheritance and income taxation, and a long step would be taken towards that equality which must be had by gradation or will some day be achieved by force and swept into license. The time has passed, if indeed it ever existed, when spectacular assaults upon corporations will satisfy the people. They may be deserved and essential to the full performance of public duty, but the utmost results that could possibly be expected from them fail to afford the relief demanded, and might easily check the progress upon which common prosperity depends. The two specific remedies, clearly defined, the one supplementing the other, are reduction of tariff duties to a point not yet even contemplated, and direct taxation of inheritances and incomes. Stupid "vested interests" will resist the former, interposing the familiar argument as to the business complications it would involve, and no less obdurate possessors of great wealth will struggle greedily to retain to the last penny their hoardings, without regard to the just claims of a government which made their acquisitions possible, or the temper of the people; but both must yield or take the consequences.

The undivided responsibility rests upon a Republican President and a Republican Congress. In 1896, in 1900 and again in the critical State election which has just taken place, citizens of the Democratic faith who placed country above party elected the Republican candidates. We say to Republicans plainly and, we believe, with accurate knowledge, that if they look for similar aid in 1908, they will look in vain, unless in the meantime they shall prove by their works their sincerity and earnest determination to really relieve, and not fatuously deceive, the people. Hearst is dead, but Hearst*ism* is alive and growing apace, not in one class, but in all classes except that which is numerically insignificant. If ever there was a time in the history of our beloved country when Bourbonism and pecuniary gluttony should, from no higher motive than selfishness

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itself, make way for breadth, patriotism and consideration of the common weal, this is that time. Else the whirlwind!

THURSDAY, *November 8.* **The REVIEW to Teach Esperanto.**

As a result of painstaking inquiries made personally in France and England, and through agents in Germany and Switzerland, we have become convinced that Esperanto will soon be recognized, the world over, as a language capable of universal use, and that, in consequence of such recognition, it will be generally adopted and acquired. The need of such a vehicle of expression, not for the displacement of any existing language, nor for the purposes of literature, but for ordinary service in business, travel and communication, has long been admitted, and indeed is so obvious as to render the setting forth of reasons therefor superfluous. As long ago as 1668, the learned Bishop Wilkins, in his "Essay toward a Real Character and a Philosophical Language," undertook to solve the problem; and many subsequent attempts, equally abortive, were made before Johann Martin Schleyer, in 1879, riveted the attention of the world upon his invention of Volapük. Despite the wide opportunity afforded this ingenious, though complicated, contrivance of expression, it not only failed to stand the test of application, but gave rise to a feeling of disgust which seriously retarded progress in the search for a suitable medium.

Several efforts ensued, but each quickly proved futile from lack of merit, until 1887, when the Russian scholar, Zamenhof, published his first brochure entitled "An International Language" and signed it "Dr. Esperanto," from the Latin "*sperare*," signifying "one who hopes." Many eminent scholars promptly conceded the merit in Dr. Zamenhof's suggestion, but the general public in all countries were so reluctant to manifest an interest so soon after the collapse of Volapük, that it is only within five years that Esperanto has begun to win the appreciation it deserves. During this short period, however, great strides have been made, first in Russia, then in Sweden, Norway, Austria and Germany, and lately in both England and France. Last summer, more than one thousand delegates attended the Esperanto Congress at Geneva, and all spoke readily and exclusively the new language. The fact was revealed at this Conference, that there are now in various parts of the world nearly one hundred thousand registered students of Esperanto, rendering the estimate

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not unreasonable that there are several hundred thousand actively interested in it. In Great Britain alone there are more than sixty societies, supplemented by outlying groups in Australia, New Zealand, India and Malta. The new language has already won the official approval of the London Board of Trade, is taught in many commercial schools throughout the British Empire, and is being seriously considered as an essential acquirement in the Consular service.

Despite the efforts of such eminent scholars as M. Beaufront, official France has been slow to extend recognition to the new language, presumably because of a desire to maintain the position of their own as that of the world's diplomacy; but we know from personal inquiry in the smaller towns that the French people are really enthusiastic over Esperanto, nearly every village containing a small group of students, and even the more intelligent innkeepers giving it earnest attention. A strong movement, destined apparently to be crowned with success at no distant date, to add Esperanto to the curriculum of the public schools is now well under way. Canada has many ardent supporters, and in enterprising Japan a single school comprises nearly four hundred students. In this country comparatively little progress has been made, although many of the Universities have small organizations, and the foundation of an International Association has been laid in Boston. Many newspapers and periodicals, devoted exclusively to the language, are published in various parts of the world; and it is a pleasing indication of the spirit of the new West that the first journal of this character to appear in the United States is published in Oklahoma. Briefly, wherever the new language has been introduced it has taken root and achieved almost instantaneous popularity.

The primary cause of its success undoubtedly may be found in the ease with which it can be acquired. We are convinced by personal experience of the justice of the claim that application of one hour a day, by a fairly well-educated person, for a period of three months, is sufficient to ensure reasonable proficiency. Indeed, with the aid of a simple key, intelligible communication may be had immediately with a member of any other nationality possessing like means of translation. That the strength of Esperanto lies in its really amazing simplicity is indicated by the following comparison:

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In *English*.—"The international language should be comprehensible to the whole educated world; but no man on earth, except the Volapükist, would comprehend even the word 'Volapük.'"

In *Volapük*.—"Pük bevünetik pakäpalom fa vol lölik pekulivöl; abu men nonik tala sesumü volapükels, kapalom püki lekanix 'Volapük.'"

In *Esperanto*.—"La lingvo internacia estas komprenita de la tuta mondo edukita; sed nenia homo sur la tero eksklusive la volapükistoj komprenas la artan lingvon 'Volapük.'"

According to the official definition adopted by the International Congress, it is a "neutral language, which, while neither intruding upon the interior life of the nations, or in any wise aiming to do away with existing national languages, will enable men of different nationalities to understand one another, will serve as a pacific language in those countries where diverse peoples are at strife on account of language, and in which can be published works that have an equal interest for all peoples."

But it is an error to assume that Esperanto is a purely artificial language. Proof of the feeling and emotion that may be communicated through it is found in the peroration of Dr. Zamenhof himself at Geneva: "Oh, break down the walls between the peoples, give them the means of communicating on neutral ground, for then only will disappear that hatred which we see everywhere."

Having become convinced, as we remarked at the outset, of the practicability of Esperanto as a universal language, we shall soon begin a regular presentation in this REVIEW of primary lessons by competent teachers, supplemented from time to time by authoritative articles, in the hope of arousing general interest. The precise plan of procedure we are unable as yet to define, but it will lack neither system nor such efficient aids as are afforded by comprehensive elucidation, text-books and personal communications compassing queries and answers.

FRIDAY, *November 9*. Newspapers on Woman Suffrage.

CLOSE upon the declarations of mid-Western journals in favor of woman suffrage, already noted in this Diary, come others from various sections. The Troy (New York) "Press" "feels most grateful" for our advocacy of the reform, and the New Haven (Connecticut) "Palladium," having quoted the reasons set forth upon these pages, adds:

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"This is stating the case strongly; almost too strongly. We hold that suffrage should not be universal, this cheapens it, but based upon qualifications other than those of sex. Illiteracy, pauperism and inability to read the English language—these things might be added advantageously to the limited disqualifications for voting (barring those of sex and age) now in vogue. As a general proposition, it is against public policy to permit of women who are illiterate, or lack the means or ability to support themselves, to have a voice in government. The average intelligence of the electorate should be heightened by the institution of suitable qualifications for suffrage.

"But THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is right in maintaining that the time has arrived when no distinctions in political privileges should be made between the sexes."

Whether or not there should be an educational qualification is a question not germane to the present discussion; such a restriction would apply with the same force to both sexes as to one.

The Columbus (Ohio) "Journal" declares "the real issues of the day precisely stated" to be "so overwhelming that mere political policy is buried out of sight." "The very fact," it adds, "that the REVIEW wants the assistance of the women in settling these problems is a conclusion that they are greater than woman suffrage, or tariff, railroad rate, food laws or anything else, for if these abuses and injustices are corrected the incidental policies settle themselves," a declaration to which, while maintaining the advantage of our proposed safeguard, if not complete solution, we take no exception.

The Salt Lake City (Utah) "News," after asserting the propriety of permitting those who are compelled to bear taxation and obey laws to participate in enactment of statutes, and pronouncing unfitness for military service a specious argument, since millions of men who hold the franchise are legally incapacitated for such work, says:

"The right to hold office may be maintained by the same reasoning as that concerning the suffrage. There are some offices for which women are not adapted, and there are many men, perhaps the majority of them, who are also unfitted for offices in the gift of the people. The same reasons offered against women apply with equal force to many men. The good sense of the public has to be exercised in reference to male candidates, and it can therefore be left with safety to the discretion of the voters as to women candidates. We are pleased to see so influential a magazine as THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW take the rational side of a long dispute."

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The Scranton (Pennsylvania) "Times" regards "the conversion of an important and conservative monthly to full suffrage without distinction of sex as an encouragement to woman suffragists everywhere and likely to give their cause a new forward impulse," but thinks—and we agree—that "so long as the great majority of women continue indifferent to equal suffrage there is little likelihood the boon will be granted."

The conservative "Evening Post" of New York city, making a prompt application, wondered "how women would vote in the present (Hughes-Hearst) campaign," and, while conceding that "thousands of working women would vote for the California millionaire, in the touching belief, shared with many men, that his election would mean an immediate increase in their earnings," yet was "inclined to think that women would be quicker to see through his shams and be far more repelled by his personal career than are the men to whom he appeals"—an opinion likely to find general concurrence.

The Chicago (Illinois) "Inter-Ocean" and the Topeka (Kansas) "Capital" would appreciate better results in Colorado before encouraging extension of the franchise in other States, thus maintaining an attitude perhaps justifiable if the assumption be granted that mining communities afford a fair test. This assumption, however, upon general principles and for manifest reasons closely related to the almost invariable inaccuracy of conclusions based upon peculiar and purely local conditions, we cannot admit. The actual results in the State and cities of Colorado we shall summarize in due course of time.

SATURDAY, *November 10.* **Of Friendship among Women.**

CAN women be friends? History and tradition abound in evidences of great and enduring attachments among men. "The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David" so firmly that the Hebrew prince did not hesitate to invite the wrath of the great king, his father, and himself forfeit the crown; the Pythagorean Damon was happy to pledge his very life for the doubtful reappearance of Pythias; even the egoist Montaigne was so much affected by the death of La Boëtie that, to escape from his melancholy, he "chose a new mistress," and at intervals to the day of his death, in the words of his own journal, "was suddenly seized with such painful thoughts of his friend, and it was so

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long before he came to himself, that it did him much harm."

Subjecting this emotion to analysis, in conformity with his custom, he reached the conclusion that true friendship could exist only between beings wholly independent one of another. A father could not hold the relationship towards his son, because of the stronger paternal attitude and the necessary disparity in age prohibiting equal comprehension of all subjects; between brothers, "the complication of interests, the division of estates, the raising of the one at the undoing of the other, strangely weaken and slacken the fraternal tie," since of necessity pursuing fortune and advancement by the same path they must often jostle and hinder one another; betwixt the sexes love intervenes, "more active, more eager, more sharp, but withal more precipitous, fickle, moving and inconstant, a fever subject to intermission," whereas true friendship is "a general and universal fire," temperate and equal, constant and steady, easy and smooth, "without poignancy or roughness"; indeed, even among themselves, women are pronounced incapable of maintaining the sacred tie, not being "endued with firmness of mind to endure the constraint of so hard and durable a knot."

In this final, brusque declaration the philosopher readily accepted the teachings of the ancient schools without regard to the fact, which even then he must have surmised, that recognition of his own great powers was to depend upon the unselfish devotion and untiring efforts of the adopted daughter, whose soul, he predicted, would "one day be capable of very great things, and, amongst others, of the perfection of that sacred friendship to which we do not read that any of her sex could even yet arrive." We can but conclude that, in common with the majority of his sex, the great man was convinced that a happy exception had been made for his particular benefit in suitable recognition of his extraordinary talents.

But it is easy to convict a verbose philosopher of inconsistency; the question whether women are temperamentally capable of true friendship still remains. Sacrifices for the sake of love of man and offspring are recorded without number, but female Davids and Damons are not readily discovered in either history or legend. Professions of Platonic affection continue to evoke jeers of incredulity, and the traditional disingenuousness of "dearest

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friends" still plays well its part in caricature. The changeableness of woman's nature has become axiomatic. Can it be that, throughout the ages, even to these enlightened days, it has retained consistency in this respect alone? It suffices for us to raise the question; to others of more certain mind we relinquish the hazardous privilege of adducing evidence and passing judgment.

MONDAY, *November 12.* **Threescore Years and Ten.**

WHEN we speak of threescore years and ten being the allotted period of human life, the reference is general, of course, implying no arbitrary limit of physical existence, mental capacity or moral usefulness, since the Psalmist himself concedes fourscore years "by reason of strength." Many men we know, some of whom we shall name presently, find themselves, at seventy, at the zenith of their development and their powers at full maturity. The idea the great singer intended to convey was doubtless that there does come a time in life when it behooves one to stop and think—and perhaps change his course or restrict his energies. Our great humorist has views upon this subject, as indeed upon all others, and one year ago, at a celebration of his own safe arrival, he expressed them after this pleasing fashion:

"The seventieth birthday! It is the time of life when you arrive at a new and awful dignity; when you may throw aside the decent reserves which have oppressed you for a generation and stand unafraid and unabashed upon your seven-terraced summit and look down and teach—unrebuked. . . .

"Threescore years and ten!

"It is the Scriptural statute of limitations. After that, you owe no active duties; for you the strenuous life is over. You are a time-expired man, to use Kipling's military phrase: You have served your term, well or less well, and you are mustered out. You are become an honorary member of the republic, you are emancipated, compulsions are not for you, nor any bugle-call but 'lights out.' You pay the time-worn duty bills if you choose, or decline if you prefer—and without prejudice—for they are not legally collectable.

"The previous-engagement plea, which in forty years has cost you so many twinges, you can lay aside forever; on this side of the grave you will never need it again. If you shrink at thought of night, and winter, and the late home-coming from the banquet and the lights and the laughter through the deserted streets—a desolation which would not remind you now, as for a generation it did, that your friends are sleeping, and you must creep in a-tiptoe and not disturb them, but would only remind you that you need not tiptoe, you can never disturb them

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more—if you shrink at thought of these things, you need only reply, "Your invitation honors me, and pleases me because you still keep me in your remembrance, but I am seventy; seventy, and would nestle in the chimney corner, and smoke my pipe, and read my book, and take my rest, wishing you well in all affection, and that when you in your turn shall arrive at pier No. 70 you may step aboard your waiting ship with a reconciled spirit, and lay your course toward the sinking sun with a contented heart."

Such are the undisputed privileges of those who arrive at the pier; but others have rights, nevertheless, which cannot be ignored, one of which was exercised by the friends of this man when they gathered to pay him homage. If we had been writing the ninetieth psalm, we should not have left the impression that threescore years and ten signified even the beginning of the end; we should have suggested that as a suitable time for the recognition of genius, worth, friendship, character, good deeds. Such would surely be a pretty custom and one tending to enliven our ill nourished and sadly neglected sympathies. If it now prevailed, what a harvest of tributes the coming year would bring forth! Only the other evening was celebrated the seventieth birthday of Henry Mills Alden, America's foremost magazine editor, simultaneously with pleasing recognition of the arrival at the same milestone, to the very day, of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, America's most brilliant poet; in March pier Number 70 will be reached by William Dean Howells, America's first man of letters, and Grover Cleveland, her first private citizen; in April, by John Pierpont Morgan, the greatest financier America has had from the beginning of her history; in November, by Andrew Carnegie, the most striking example of the opportunities she has accorded brains and industry; in December, by George Dewey, her only and, since Paul Jones, her greatest Admiral. A more illustrious group of true Americans could not be formed; let us then be merry and give them feasts, not failing, however, after Paul's advice to Titus, to adjure them hereafter to continue "sober, grave, temperate, sound in faith, in charity, in patience."

TUESDAY, *November 13.* American Girls and Boys.

WE have received the following interesting communication from one of the editors of the "St. Nicholas" magazine:

To the Editor of The North American Review:

SIR,—Under the head of "The Editor's Diary" for October 19th appears this rather surprising statement:

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"We find little that is interesting in the American girl of to-day between the ages of fifteen and twenty-two. She has failed to keep pace in any respect with the American boy, whose advancement we recently remarked with satisfaction. Indeed, if the blunt truth be spoken, she is an intolerable bore, self-conscious, ignorant, and concerned chiefly with matrimonial aspirations."

Now, it so happens that I have had rather exceptional opportunities for comparing the American boy and girl, or rather their intellectual exhibits, with resulting conclusions somewhat different from those set down by the editor of the REVIEW. For more than seven years it has been my privilege to conduct for the "St. Nicholas" magazine a department in which the features are supplied by young people who compete for monthly prizes. To this department, poems, short sketches, stories, drawings, photographs, and puzzles are contributed in great numbers by children of all ages up to eighteen; and as the subjects are supplied by the editor and selected to cover a pretty wide educational range, it would seem that from the returns a fair deduction might be drawn as to the comparative mental activity of the sexes within the competitive age limits. I shall not assume to speak as one having authority of what may happen after these young people have passed their eighteenth birthday, for my direct observation ends at this point, though it seems unlikely that with the passing of this particular milestone the boys should suddenly become all wisdom and the girls all vanity, nor do I believe this to be the case.

Now, let us see: I have the magazines before me, I can count the returns in a minute. In the year just closing (volumes 1 and 2, 1906) there were sixty-three winners, fifteen years old and over, of the highest distinction, that is to say, gold and cash prizes. Of these, twenty-nine were boys and *thirty-four were girls*, an advantage of over nineteen per cent. in favor of the girls. Nor is this an unusual year. Those who care to consult the volumes will find that in some years the percentage has been greater.

It is supposable that there are as many boys as girls in families where "St. Nicholas" is taken, and if, as may be the case, the boys take a lesser interest than the girls in this particular department, then this fact of itself constitutes an argument against the REVIEW'S position, for the reason that, as before indicated, the subjects given are by no means abstractly artistic and literary in tone (and it would not help the REVIEW'S case even if they were), but educational as well, often selected for the express purpose of developing a knowledge of the world's progress and history. Let us go a little farther, and quote an example or two of work done by American girls. Here is a poem by an American girl of fifteen, the earliest age included by the REVIEW editor in the period allowed to her for ignorance and frivolity:

"THE FOREST VOICE.

"Do you not hear them call you, dear, away?
Sweet, scarce distinguished voices of the night,
Spreading before you o'er the field and brae,
To where the first dark trunks shut out the light.

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"The sombre, brooding branches in the dark
Hold out strange treasures; winds that sing and sigh,
And moonlight drifting down, spark after spark,
From the far, high-lit altar of the sky.

"They sing you night songs, half articulate,
They lead you, fairy child, along the path
Where—but the forest-led may roam and wait
The visions which the world-old forest hath.

"The wistful trees bend closer unto you;
Dream-child, you long so earnestly to pace
The great dim roads no mortal ever knew,
Forever in the darkness and the space.

"Childhood is gone, night vanishes, the song
Is stilled. Go also back from fancy's gleam,
Leave the dream forest where you lingered long,—
But take with you the memory of your dream."

This is a poem which almost any one, of either sex or any age, who is addicted to verse (and most of us have sinned) might be willing to sign, and it is wholly the work of the girl who sent it, for all contributions are endorsed by the sender's parents as to "age and originality." The highest-class publication does not always print better verse than that.

Such work may be found in almost any number of the department mentioned. The body of the magazine finds it difficult to get anything as good; and here is a little prose sketch by a League girl which might serve as a standard of excellence even for the NORTH AMERICAN:

"MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN HISTORY

"It has always been said that to judge fairly of the life and character of some famous historical man or woman, one must take into consideration the age and country in which he or she lived. Environments and circumstances have such an important influence toward the molding of ideas. But Joan of Arc's life history is exceptional in this particular. Her actions were influenced by no personal motive, but by purely religious and patriotic enthusiasm. She was honorable when people in the highest stations had forgotten the very existence of honor; delicate and loyal when it was the common practice to be coarse and false, to keep no promises, and to espouse no cause except for love of money or personal advancement. She was truthful when almost everybody lied, unselfish and refined when many were hard, selfish, and given to sinful luxury.

"Many have called her fanatical. If absolute devotion to one's God, one's king, and one's country, regardless of self, asking no reward, can be called fanaticism, let us have more such fanatics! Her military genius was remarkable. Generals of long experience regarded her schemes of attack with great respect, and she is the only person in the world, of either sex, who has ever had supreme command of the forces of a nation at the age of seventeen.

"In spite of all her devotion and heroic struggle, her dastardly king deserted her; did not even make one attempt to rescue her, but left her to her horrible fate. Her captors wore out her physical strength by long, tedious examinations and cruel imprisonment, forced her to sign a foolish confession of sorcery, and then broke all their promises and burned her—Joan of Arc, the deliverer of France, though only a

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child in years—at the stake! Such ingratitude and cruelty is incomprehensible; but her name will go down through countless ages, while they will be known only as the murderers of the loveliest character in history."

As a matter of fact, whatever the boys may do later, and they will do much when the day of their development comes—as they always have—I think we may set it down as a fact that, so far as general intellectual advancement and attainments are concerned, the girls between the ages of fifteen and eighteen have them beaten—if the REVIEW will pardon the slang phrase for the sake of its picturesque strength—"hands down."

In what, then, is the American girl inferior to the American boy? In sports and athletics, which require endurance and physical strength? Certainly. In business, mathematics and mechanical engineering? Very likely—these are the American boy's peculiar heritage, even as the American girl's estate lies in making herself and her surroundings lovely, and in her early knowledge of domestic economy. Does the boy excel her in deportment? Never. In languages? It is unlikely. But, admitting all that the boy may fairly claim and a little more for good measure, it does seem to one who has had the opportunity of observing pretty carefully that the wide and inclusive deduction of the REVIEW that the American girl is "an intolerable bore, self-conscious, ignorant and concerned chiefly with matrimonial aspirations," and that she has "failed to keep pace in any respect with the American boy," is not sufficiently justified, to say the least.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

That a majority of the prizes referred to were won by girls is not, to us, surprising; we wonder rather that so many boys between the ages of fifteen and eighteen found time to engage in the competition. The evidence of literary deftness afforded by the pretty verses are surely encouraging, though, we fear, they are of the exceptional character which tends to indicate the rule.

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CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER.

MARK TWAIN.

For information regarding this distinguished contributor the reader is referred to the body of the REVIEW, which, during the coming year, will contain chapters selected from his Autobiography.

ANDREW CARNEGIE

is no stranger to the readers of the REVIEW, to whom he has given frequent proof that the vast industrial enterprises which were created by his genius were not great enough to absorb his intellectual energies. Though born in Scotland, he is an ardent American, and an enthusiastic admirer of the principles upon which the Republic was founded. His philanthropic works are known of all men. Indeed, the United States and his native land are studded with monuments of his munificence, in the shape of free libraries and other institutions of a similar kind, which are designed to further the education and general advancement of the people. Among the most signal of his services to mankind will be reckoned the foundation of a Peace Palace at The Hague, destined to be the permanent home of the international Court of Arbitration.

"IGNOTUS"

is a political writer and thinker of national importance who has long studied the trend of our national development.

ROBERT DEC. WARD,

one of the founders of the Immigration Restriction League, is Assistant Professor of Climatology in Harvard University. He is a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and

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Sciences and of the Royal Meteorological Society of London, and a member of the *Deutsche Meterologische Gesellschaft.* He is the author of a work entitled "Practical Exercises in Elementary Meteorology."

P. T. McGrath

is widely known as a forceful and intelligent champion of the interests of Newfoundland, on which he has from time to time addressed the readers of the Review and of some of the leading periodicals of Great Britain. He is the editor of the "Evening Herald," of St. John's, one of the most prominent journals published on the island.

George Macloskie

was born in Castledawson, Ireland, September 14th, 1834. He was educated at Queen's College, Belfast, and while still a student there he assisted in teaching Latin and Greek. He was graduated in 1857 Gold Medallist and Senior Scholar in Natural History. From 1861 to '71 he served as Presbyterian minister of a rural charge, studied international law and jurisprudence at the same time, and in 1871 received the degree of LL.D. from London University, with the University gold medal in Laws. In 1875 President McCosh summoned Mr. Macloskie to Princeton, and since then the latter has been engaged in teaching and administrative work at Princeton University. In June, 1906, Prof. Macloskie retired from active service and became Professor Emeritus.

Dr. Louis Lazarus Zamenhof,

the author of Esperanto, was born in 1858 at Bielystok, Russian Poland. While still a student at the gymnasium he conceived the idea of undermining mutual hatred and distrust between the different nationalities in his native city, as well as everywhere else, by means of an international auxiliary language. The young student became a practising physician at Warsaw, and still continued to develop his scheme of an international language. It was not until 1887 that he published his first brochure, "An International Language," and signed it "Dr. Esperanto,"—*i. e.,* One Who Hopes. His plan at first attracted little attention, but early in the nineties a society was formed in Russia, then elsewhere on

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the Continent, and since then the spread of Esperanto has been rapid. Dr. Zamenhof has published text-books on the subject, translated classics into Esperanto, and made addresses, of which a specimen may be found in the body of this REVIEW.

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX

was born in Chicago. She is the daughter of a Unitarian minister, and was educated in France, Germany and England. Later, she studied for two years at the Conservatory of Leipzig, and for two years in Birmingham, England. She has lived in Virginia since 1887, and has been a contributor to "East and West," "The Chap-Book," "The Century," "The Outlook," "Poet-Lore," "The Times-Democrat" of New Orleans, "The Boston Transcript," and "The Evening Post" of New York. For several years she has been a reader and adviser of one of the leading publishing houses, and has regularly contributed editorials to "Harper's Weekly."

A. B. HEPBURN,

President of the Chase National Bank, New York, is a native of Colton, New York. Having graduated at Middlebury College, Vermont, in 1871, he was successively instructor in mathematics in St. Lawrence Academy and principal of the Ogdensburg Educational Institute. He was a member of the New York Legislature from 1875 to 1880; Superintendent of the Banking Department of the State of New York from 1880 to 1883; United States Bank Examiner from 1889 to 1892; then Comptroller of the United States Currency till 1893, when he identified himself with the banking business of New York City. In 1901 he was a delegate of the New York Chamber of Commerce to the London Chamber of Commerce.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

is a native of Liverpool, England. He was engaged in business for seven years, but abandoned business for literature. For some time he has resided in the United States, devoting himself to journalism and literary work. Among the works which bear his name are "Painted Shadows," "Odes from

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the Divan of Hafiz," "An Old Country House," "Perseus and Andromeda," "Sleeping Beauty," "The Life Romantic," "Rudyard Kipling, A Criticism," and "George Meredith."

HENRY WALCOTT BOYNTON

is a native of Guilford, Connecticut, and a graduate of Amherst in the class of 1891. Since 1892 he has been teaching English at Phillips Andover Academy. He has contributed much to periodicals, and has edited a number of English classics. Among his original writings are a "Life of Washington Irving," "Journalism and Literature," "A Reader's History of American Literature," etc.

OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

was born at Bridgewater, Massachusetts, and graduated from Smith College in 1894. She was literary editor of the "Worcester Spy," 1894-5, and a member of the staff of the New York "World" from 1895-1902. She has contributed to the "Century," "Harper's," "The Critic" and other magazines, and recently has been on the editorial staff of "Everybody's Magazine."

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